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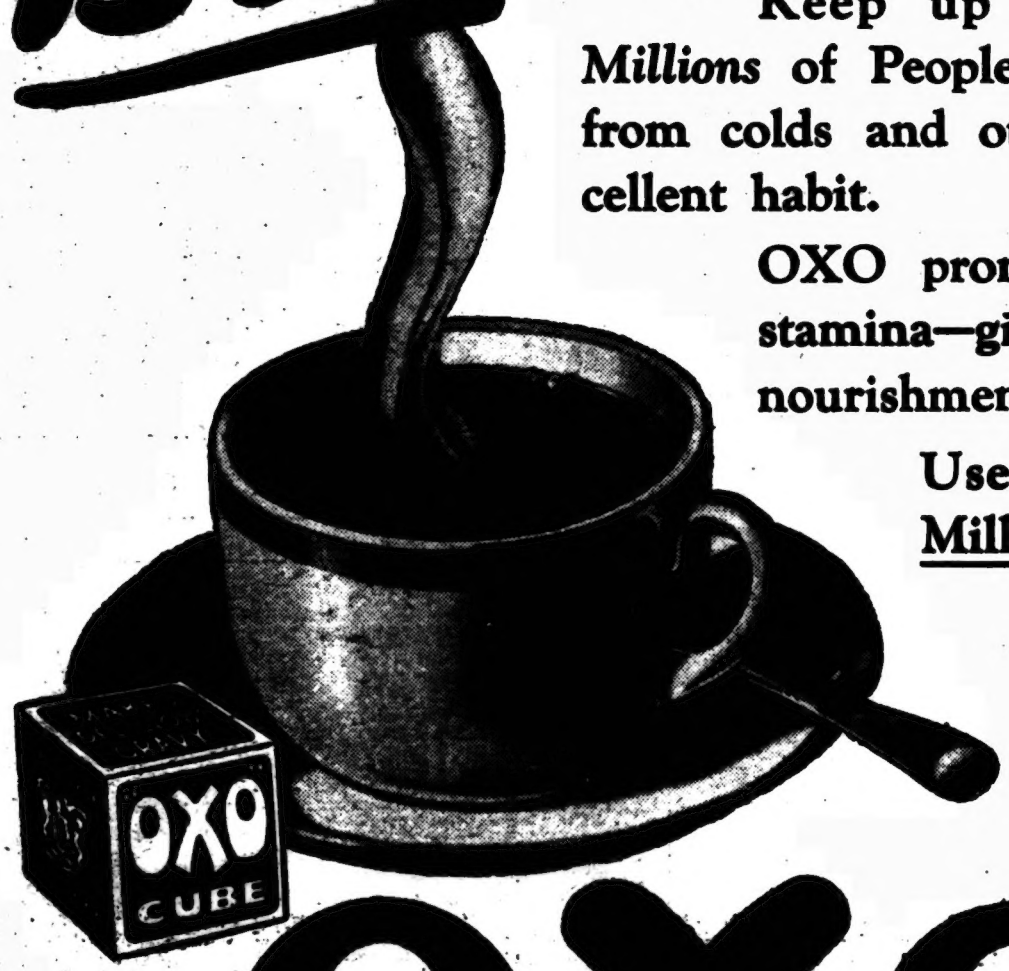

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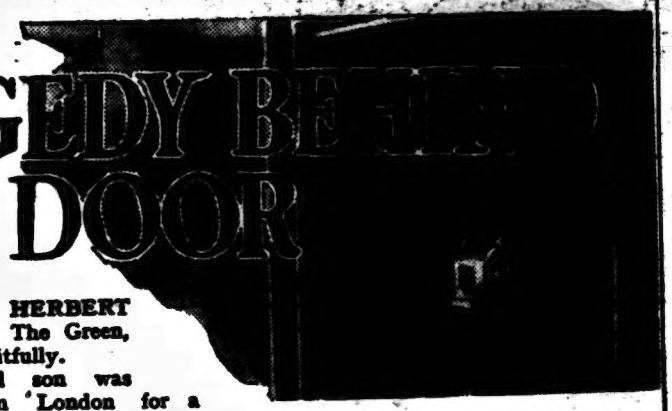

MR. ALBERT HERBERT LAYT, of 30, The Green, Norton, slept fitfully.

His dearly-loved son was coming home from London for a short visit, and he knew that the lad, now travelling fast through the night, would arrive at a very early hour of the morning.

At about 4.50 a.m. he heard a knock at the door. Hurriedly, he jumped from his bed and groped his way on to the dark landing. Then, in that moment of joy, came tragedy.

In his excitement, Mr. Layt missed his footing and in an instant he had pitched headlong down the stairs—these same stairs that he had run up and down daily for years. His wife, awakened by the crash, discovered her husband lying prostrate.

He had to be removed at once to hospital, where he was found to be suffering from a broken neck.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT CHEQUE

As Mr. Layt was a registered reader of "JOHN BULL" a cheque for £50—the Benefit provided for fatal Home Accidents under "JOHN BULL'S" Great Free Family Insurance Gift has been promptly sent to his widow.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 19/2/38.

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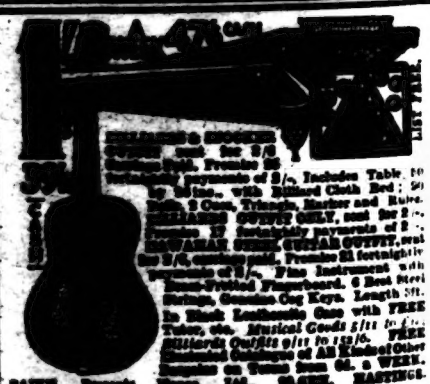

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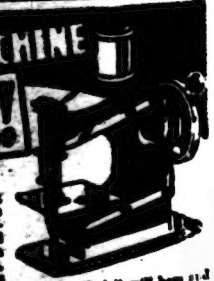

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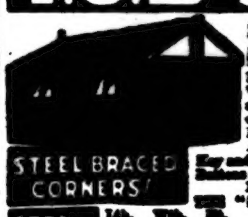

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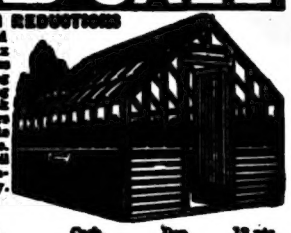

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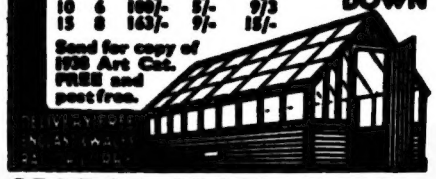

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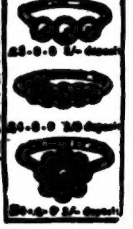

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Books will be dispatched to applicants from this paper in strict rotation.

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THE PEOPLE'S HOME LIBRARY DEPT., J.L.3,
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Please reserve in my name a copy of "The Miracle of Life." I enclose with this form 3d. (threepence) in stamps as Reservation Fee. This guarantees my Volume in my name. I understand that you will dispatch my Volume in a few days and that an invoice will be sent me. I have indicated below the Edition I require—Standard or De Luxe—and certify that I will remit the amount specified below WITHIN 7 DAYS OF RECEIPT OF VOLUME.

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The last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Thursday, February 24.

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"JOHN BULL," 19/2/38.

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YOUR LUCKY DAY

IF YOU CHANGE TO

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MEDIUM CIGARETTES **10** *for* **4**D. *also* **15** *for* **6**D.

EXTRA LARGE GREEN BAND **10** *for* **6**D.

The finest Virginia tobacco goes into these larger-sized cigarettes so that you get full measure of pleasure from every one. Give yourself a lucky break and try twenty to-day —that's the test!

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93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 19, 1938.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Good Samaritans get the Bill
Free these "Slave" Drivers
¾d. per Person per Meal

NEAR Wakefield lives a reader of whom we are very proud.

For twenty-five years he has been a voluntary ambulance worker, buying his own medical supplies.

He came across a man "wounded almost unto death" the other day, a man whom certain people passed by. He gave him of his very best.

And there the analogy of the Good Samaritan ends.

He Got the Bill

First-aid was all his experience and status entitled him to bestow on the poor fellow lying at his feet.

That given, he called a doctor.

Now he has got the doctor's bill—for a sum he cannot possibly afford. And he's got to pay.

Samaritans Always Pay

He's got to pay. That's how we treat Good Samaritans in this year of grace 1938.

Whenever you call doctor, ambulance, fire brigade, or whatever assistance you like to seek for suffering or dying humanity, the liability is yours.

We hope you forget the fact when the need arises. Nevertheless, it is true.

It's the Law

Let us tell you of Mr. Greville Cooks, of the Athenæum Club, another Good Samaritan who called a doctor to a man in extremity.

When the doctor arrived he asked for the man who had called him, and said: "You are taking on yourself a great responsibility."

Don't blame the doctor. It is the law.

Police Find Way Out

London's police know this law. Therefore they try to get the divisional doctor first.

Failing that, the very first doctor without wasting a second. They don't care a hang if the police have to pay—nor should they.

But it isn't true of every police force.

Don't Kick the Doctor

We rang up the British Medical Association on the matter. We were told of young, struggling doctors who live near danger-spots, who are always being called out to bad accidents.

"They have got to buy food." Exactly. And it isn't always easy for the doctor.

Our kick is not for him. It is for the State—when it shirks its obvious duty.

Cash and the Kitchen

Butcher, baker, candlestick-maker—we wish they could all buy food, as much of it as they and their families require.

But we happen to know that in some parts of South Wales unemployment pay leaves barely ¾d. per head per meal after rent and other necessary charges have been met.

Too Weak to Work

Can you wonder that in some places not enough unemployed men can be found to build their own welfare huts.

Critics—you know the type—say they are too lazy.

The brutal truth is that they are too weak and under-nourished. Try building on a ¾d. dinner.

Hiking for Mothers

It isn't so easy—like the task of the Wolverhampton mother who, leaving her baby at home, is expected to accompany her tiny tots to and from schools that lie a long distance apart in entirely opposite directions.

We hear of mothers who have to distribute their children among three different schools—and collect them again.

Of course, they ought to own motor-cars!

Bridge of Sighs

Why, at Tonmawr, in mid-Glamorgan, parents are expected to send their children to school over a derelict stone bridge without railings to protect them from a 40-ft. drop.

We say "expected" because, according to our latest information, they are refusing to do so. Do you blame them?

Higher Rents

We detect a nasty snag in Sir Kingsley Wood's new housing scheme.

Subsidies are going to be smaller in many districts. That means—unless more is taken out of the rates by way of subsidy—higher rents.

And higher rents mean less demand, less building; in other words, less housing than under the old housing scheme.

The Home-Wreckers

But homes don't seem to matter—judging by the fact that sixteen men, women and children are being cleared out in Dalrymple Street, Stranraer, Wigtownshire, to make room for Government veterinary surgeons.

We'd hate to see new research laboratories withheld from those "vets." But what about families given two weeks' notice without an offer or a promise of new accommodation?

Twenty Women Wanted

We find there are still twenty Benches in the country without a woman J.P.

Here is a hint for the Lord Chancellor. And he should choose young ones.

Punishment Enough

Juvenile Benches must include at least one woman.

And we hear—from Cheshire in particular—of young offenders and their parents being asked to come again another day because no woman J.P. has turned up.

Why don't people realise that in most cases "Going to the police court" is in itself a punishment!

Scaring the Housewife

It is perhaps because so many people don't understand human nature—and all its little sensitivenesses.

For instance, the Bishop of Norwich has made an appeal. And policemen in uniform have been taking subscription lists from door to door on the local Earlham estate.

We would like to show to whoever was responsible a typical letter we got from a woman who was nearly frightened out of her skin.

Cash Down Sport

It is probably because of this lack of understanding of the other fellow that our Rugby dictators are demanding a £25 deposit "to cover minor expenses" from players picked to tour South Africa.

They may not know that £25 may represent two months' wages to an artisan.

6d. on the Rates

Next month is rate-fixing month.

Increases of sixpence in the pound will be common. The average will probably be round about fourpence.

Public assistance will be blamed—and there will be the usual talk about "the pampered poor."

Great Illusion

But the poor aren't getting any more. No, sir!

All that happens is that a few more scores of thousands are taken out of the hands of the Unemployment Assistance Board and placed in those of the poor law.

A sort of official conjuring trick—with the idea that the country is doing more for its unemployed as the Great Illusion.

King and India

Cancellation of their Majesties' State visit to India was a step not taken without a certain deep regret.

But India is a long way away, and world affairs are very complicated.

His Majesty, with his invariable consideration of circumstances, bears in mind the gigantic cost such a visit would entail—at a time when India is none too prosperous.

Thumbscrew Farmers

What do you think of farmers who, ordered to pay increased wages to their labourers as from January 28, have already increased the cottage rents of those labourers to the full extent of the rise?

We've examined some of the rent demands—know it's true.

Your view is probably very similar to ours. And that's unprintable.

Forgotten Men

We feel no different about employers who, holding over the heads of their chauffeurs the implied threat "Anybody can drive a car nowadays," compel them to work up to 100 hours a week.

That is no exaggeration. Many such cases have been reported to us, with full confirmation.

These chauffeurs mustn't be forgotten when Parliament takes up the case of the lorry driver's hours.

News-reel Faking

Japan intends to reach new low levels of cheapness with so-called news-reel films she is making for British and American markets.

Japanese soldiers will play Sir Galahad to aged Chinese; and bestial-looking Chinamen—paid actors every one—will loot and pillage unceremoniously.

Hollywood must look to its fiction laurels.

Foreign Poison

We know competition is very acute between cinemas. We realise the temptation to dilute a programme with something cheap.

But we advise managements to have nothing to do with this foreign poison for British minds, no matter how cheaply it is peddled.

Miserly Council

Which reminds us that the old folk at Pembury (Kent) Poor Law Institution, invited by a local cinema to a free show and slap-up tea, aren't going after all.

Somebody refuses to hire a 'bus. That somebody is said to be the Kent County Council.

Whoever it is, may they feel the pangs of conscience whenever they are picture-going.

Your Watchdog Barks

Old soldier bombards officers and war widows in Eastern Counties with plausible begging letters. We've known him for years, so have several jails.

* * *

That infamous concoction, "Red Biddy," still wrecking lives. When will authorities stamp out its sale?

* * *

El-Tanah, "exalted mystic and astrologer," once more issues circulars from Jersey offering to foretell the future. Light your fire with 'em.

Police are once more seriously concerned at the activities of crooks advertising partnerships in bogus concerns. Prospectuses and takings are skilfully dressed up with faked entries of orders from other bogus firms working as confederates.

* * *

Man calls on relatives of person reported missing in Press or radio SOS. Says he has news of missing person, can use influence to get him or her home. Must have money. Gets it—then disappears.

* * *

Canvasser leaves card of piano-tuner. Tuner later arrives, says instrument is moth-eaten, should be taken away for work to be done properly. Away goes piano—for ever. Address on card fictitious.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

AS an employee, I am puzzled why employers are expected to stamp my unemployment and health cards.

What benefit do they get out of it?—Oswald J. Parsons, "Bay View," Quay, Clovelly, Devon.

It is of benefit to every employer for the country to have proper social services. Very well, then; let them pay their whack.

Roundabout

For eleven years I paid into a hospital fund. But when my wife had a baby, the hospital in question sent her to another institution which handed me a ridiculous bill, arguing that it did not benefit from the fund in question.

Now the fund tells me that it cannot help me because I made use of a hospital not on its list.—F. L. L., Clint Road, Liverpool.

Our post-bag shows this to be a very common experience. Surely hospital societies could devise a system whereby regular contributors could be assured some little return for their generosity whenever a great need arose.

I *Am*—Not *Was*

I spent years seeking a job and impressing on employers that I was ex-officer and ex-public school.

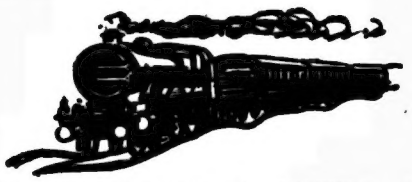
Then I dropped it, and I don't have to job-hunt now.—S. K. R., Herne Bay, Kent.

It is what a man is, not what he was, that matters most to common-sense employers—as a leading public school discovered when it tried to arrange that industrialists should give preference to its scholars.

Bumpety-Bump

Reading that railway companies are fitting longer rails to reduce noise makes me wonder whether they will be safe in very hot weather.

It is a schoolboy's knowledge, after all, that the gap between rails—cause of



that bumpety-bump—is necessary to allow for expansion and reduce the danger of the rails cocking up.—D. G. Pugh, 6, Lewis Street, Dowlais, Glam.

London's Underground is fitting 300-ft. long rails, explains to us: "It is made possible by using new and harder metal with very little expansion. What is more, what gaps there are will be smaller than at present and will, in non-technical language, be dove-tailed to minimise noise still more. Every rail will be safe even in tropical weather."

Old, Old Stories

I get fed up when I hear people condemning one film plot after another as "stale."

Isn't it true that there can be no such thing as an original story—that every plot to-day can be carried back to the plays of the ancients?—H. Double, 16, Walnut Tree Walk, Stowmarket, Suffolk.

Editor of "28-Story Magazine" says: "There are fifty different plots, most of which are to be found in the Bible. I search for a blending of plots to give entirely new variations—in other words, an entirely new story. Film companies shouldn't do less, couldn't do more."

Imitators

I enclose a football pool "coupon" found in the pocket of my son, aged thirteen.

Questioned, he says the pool is run by a boy at his school. Maximum stake is a halfpenny, and the winner gives sweets to the losers.—H. R., Benwell Dene Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Coupon is headed "Ken's Pools," is printed with toy printing outfit, asks entrant to forecast six easy matches. We have heard of other such school pools.

Strange Ambition

Murdered girls are always described as pretty. Perhaps I will be murdered one day, and will get the flattery that has been denied me all my life.—Plain Jane, Seymour Street, Euston, N.W.1.

It is Scotland Yard's experience that murdered girls are usually pretty.

"Autographs, Mister?"

I thoroughly detest those football players who have so far forgotten their own boyhood that they refuse to give lads their autographs when they sprint on the field at the start of a game.—F. A. B., Harborne Lane, Selly Oak, Birmingham.

Leading player tells us: "It is a nuisance to be asked for signatures before a game. You can catch a bad chill if you stop to give them after a game. We understand boys thoroughly, rarely refuse them outside ground or when catching train for an away match."

Where Woman Leads

Through meeting old friends last Saturday I dug too deeply into my wages. My wife said: "You can lay the money out this week. It will teach you a lesson."

I ordered a big joint with a gesture, and then, calling back for it, found the shop closed. I gave the wrong address at the vegetable shop and we didn't get the goods for Sunday. Talk about Black Sunday!—P. M., Borough Road, Birkenhead.

A man who calls the greengrocer's a "vegetable shop" obviously has a lot to learn about shopping.

Wrong-Bottle Dangers

Having to catch the 5.30 a.m. to do special overtime at the G.P.O., I niffed and niffed and niffed on sitting down in train.

I had used the baby's cod-liver oil emulsion instead of my hair-cream.—L. H., Woollaston Road, London, N.4.

Sorry to spoil a good laugh, but we thought of the possibilities of baby getting the hair-cream and made enquiries accordingly. Learned that doctors are always attending victims of wrong-bottle mistakes.

Legion Rubbish

Why does France, a civilised country, treat its Foreign Legion with such brutality that hundreds of them die every year, and encourage them to such bestial acts that they are more like animals than men?

Let JOHN BULL show up this worst ghastliness in a civilised world.—J. Morgan, 4, Wornington Road, London, W.10.

"John Bull" satisfied itself years ago that, although life in the French Foreign Legion is hard, not one-tenth the stories told about it are true. Few of the real-life stories submitted to us by so-called escapees have survived our tests as to authenticity.

We pay 10/6 . . .

for each letter published on this page, and an extra 10s. 6d. for a photograph or drawing illustrating the story.

You may write upon absolutely any subject you wish.

But, whatever the subject, please keep your letters brief.

Mark your envelope "Voice of the People."

Address your communication to JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you. . . .

A. G. Gardiner	Page 13
Sir Wyndham Childs	Page 15
Greatest of These—	Page 24
Human Documents	Page 24
True Stories	Page 30

It's a queer world, and these readers show you just how queer it can be

I left my house to go to a neighbour to get back a copy of a song called "Fire."

Lifting the letter-box on my return, I put the copy of music through it—shouting "Fire, fire!" And a smell of burning told me *the house was on fire*.—Charles F. Banks, Commercial Hotel, Fleetwood.

I am a chemist working in a shop where there are no special scales for infants. Bigger scales are so insensitive, of course, that we ask the mother to weigh herself and baby together, then hand us the baby—and we get the baby's weight by subtraction.

All this was explained very carefully to a woman who came in with a child, whereupon she said: "But it won't do. I'm not her mother."—Miss F. M. Singleton, 708, Devonshire Road, Norbreck, Blackpool.

"If you can build yourself a bombproof shelter, all the better," said the Government man sent to tell us how to defend ourselves against enemy gas attack.

Making enquiries, I found out the snag. I would have to pay rates for the "improvement" of my property—at Merthyr's colossal assessment.—E. R., Penydarren, Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales.

The men who were moving me were asked by an old lady down the street if they would help her move a trunk.

Baring their arms, they went to her assistance. But they spat on their hands in vain. What she showed them was really a trunk—a tree-trunk in her front garden weighing fully a ton.—A. F. Hodges, 7, Grosvenor Drive, Hornchurch Road, Essex.

I searched my left shoe in vain for the projection which was puncturing my foot.

Then I looked at the foot itself. A short stub of hair, clipped off during a haircut earlier in the day, had worked down into my shoe and penetrated an eighth of an inch into the flesh.—C. Wilson, 25, Victoria Place, Stoke, Devonport, Devon.

Just to let you know that Rochdale P.A.C. authorities were giving me 34s. a week for self, wife and family until they found I was not able-bodied but a chronic invalid—when they at once made it 32s.—"Stupefied," Rochdale.

Married recently, my wife and I sent a specimen of our wedding cake—in the usual box—to a friend in Scotland.

The box arrived all right. But it contained the card of a couple married at Harlesden on July 31 last, with a lump of cake that certainly wasn't ours.—G. Reynolds, 28, Durley Avenue, Pinner, Middlesex.

No Lady

A lady in a car stopped to look at my little son in his pram, asked his age, name and other details, held up her Pekinese with the words, "Look at the lovely baby, darlingest," and then, finding the baby was mine, said: "Why, he's so charming and in such a lovely pram that he might be a *lady's* baby."—Mrs. D. M., Alexandra Drive, Norwood, London, S.E.19.

We avoid use of the word "lady" in "John Bull"; would like to see it drop out of the language, seeing how generally misused it has become. Reading the above letter, can you wonder?

Ley—Sinecs?

LEY being telephonesque for Leytonstone, I sent a wire to a LEY number.

It was not delivered. The reason is given in the attached official letter received.—S. L., Eastbourne, Sussex.

Says official excuse: "There is no trace of LEY in Post-Office Guide." And yet the Post Office can crack such hard nuts at times.

Duty Well Done

Having retired from the job of postman after fifty years, I thought I would tell readers of my funniest experience.

It concerns a "temporary," who, told that he must collect every letter, and, being unable to open a letter-box set in a wall, borrowed a pick from a neighbouring cottage and hacked the box out, staggering into the post-office with

it under his arm.—A. P. Cooper, 9a, Twining Avenue, Twickenham, Middlesex.

We know of many "V.R." pillar-boxes far too small for present-day needs on which this energetic postman might be set to work.

Quick as Darts

Go anywhere where darts are played and you will marvel how working lads who have no need to be good at figures work out scores with the speed and accuracy of trained accountants.

They count the score made by three darts in a second, ascertain the grand total in another second, and can say in a flash that the total can be wiped off by throwing, say, a double seventeen and an eleven.—B. B. W., Langport, Somerset.

We asked one such player. He said: "I don't need to do sums in my head. I just know."

FO
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GOD forbid there shou
Great War.

But if it is right
ships and bombing 'p
against the threat of war, sur
right to provide food supplies

Of what use is it to bui
fighting forces if the morale
to be sapped by semi-starvat

And, quite apart from these
tions, agriculture must be revive
be made economically strong, ar
of peace is to be made available

Is that being done? Are our
on providing us with ample food
or war?

Their attitude, unfortunate
that the problem can look after

But, because modern warfar
we must not believe that any "w
would be over in a short time.

Do you remember the talk
that mass bloodshed was "bou
Christmas"?

Did not people say that the
of the Spanish Civil War would
months?

Another general European
plunge into the unknown.

If its possibility must be tak
then we must attend not only
armour, but to the necessities o

We must plan the mobilisa
ping, internal transport, our
materials.

Above all, we must think of

My experience as Food M
dangerous period of our history
vast preparations cannot be unc
or magically built up in a night

The food problem
bad enough. At one tim
thing" with us.

What eventually br
Powers was food shortage rath
defeat.

Now we have four million mo

Sir Thomas Inskip, in last w
in Parliament, told us that we
food. That is a half-truth.

Yes, we are producing near
meat more than in 1932. But ou
million tons less than five years

Instead of remedies, we
excuses. Our Minister of
Morrison, makes the most fantas

He says we should look fool
our home production to full capa
which may never come.

But Mr. Morrison knows per
a European war was certain t
year or two's time, w. should fi
our land into order by then.

And this is as necessary for
There is every need for imp
development of agriculture.

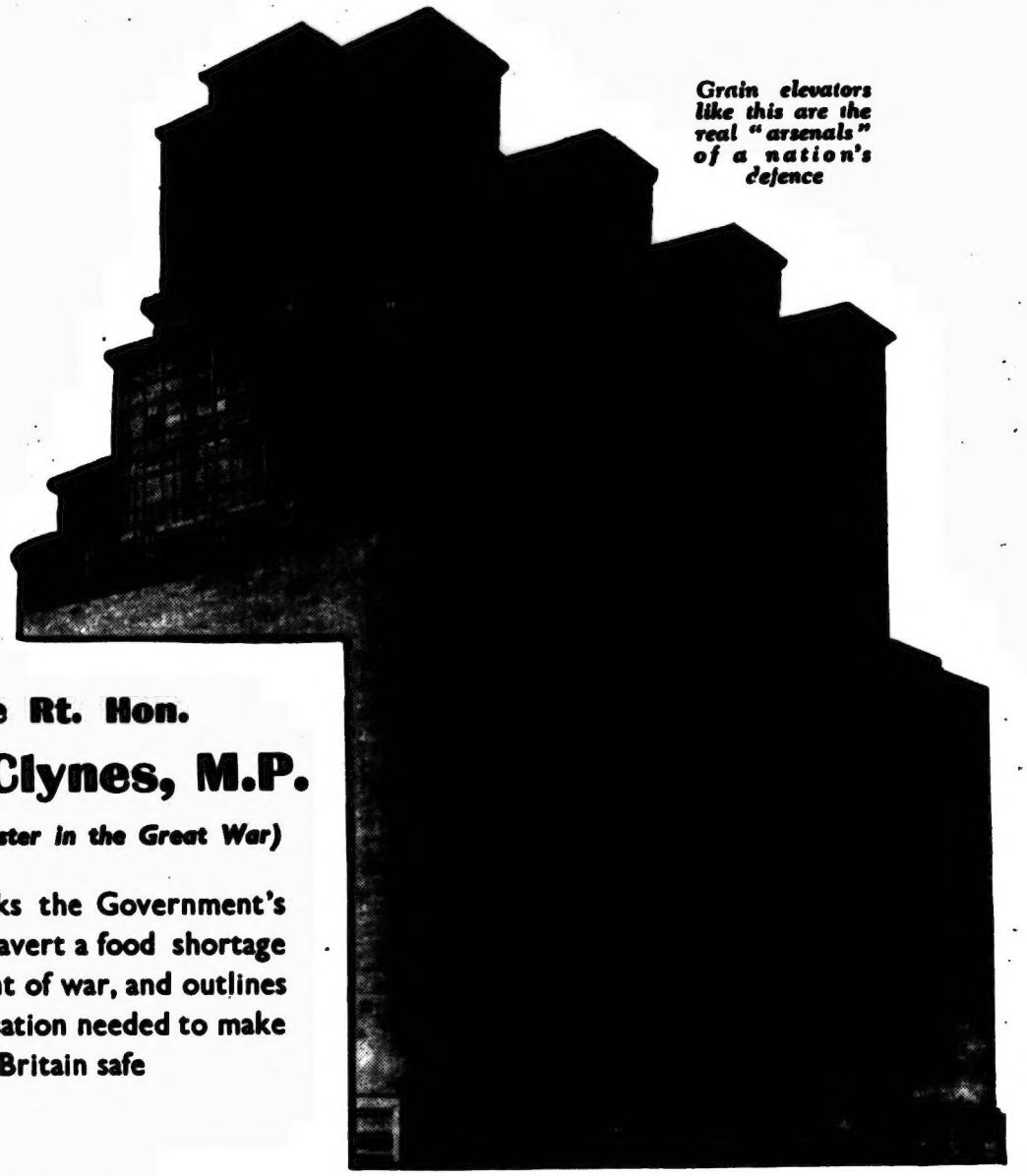
It can be done without ur
It must be done unless more m
fertile land are to go out of cul

It should be done before th
our young folk desert the farm
crowded cities.

This is not a subject for Par
is not a single M.P. who is not
for saving agriculture from ruin

Farmers are indeed more a
the situation than their Minis

FOOD ARSENALS are needed NOW!



Grain elevators like this are the real "arsenals" of a nation's defence

by

the Rt. Hon.

J. R. Clynes, M.P.

(Food Minister in the Great War)

who attacks the Government's failure to avert a food shortage in the event of war, and outlines the organisation needed to make Britain safe

GOD forbid there should be another Great War.

But if it is right to have battleships and bombing 'planes to insure against the threat of war, surely it is just as right to provide food supplies to avert war.

Of what use is it to build up powerful fighting forces if the morale of the people is to be sapped by semi-starvation.

And, quite apart from these vital considerations, agriculture must be revived if Britain is to be made economically strong, and the prosperity of peace is to be made available to all our people.

Is that being done? Are our Ministers intent on providing us with ample food in times of peace or war?

Their attitude, unfortunately, seems to be that the problem can look after itself.

But, because modern warfare moves swiftly, we must not believe that any "war of the future" would be over in a short time.

Do you remember the talk in August, 1914, that mass bloodshed was "bound to finish by Christmas"?

Did not people say that the horrible butchery of the Spanish Civil War would last only a few months?

Another general European war would be a plunge into the unknown.

If its possibility must be taken into account, then we must attend not only to our arms and armour, but to the necessities of life.

We must plan the mobilisation of our shipping, internal transport, our supplies of raw materials.

Above all, we must think of our **FOOD.**

My experience as Food Minister during a dangerous period of our history teaches me that vast preparations cannot be undertaken in secret or magically built up in a night.

☆ The food problem in 1914-1918 was bad enough. At one time it was "a near thing" with us.

What eventually broke the Central Powers was food shortage rather than military defeat.

Now we have four million more people to feed.

Sir Thomas Inskip, in last week's great debate in Parliament, told us that we are growing more food. That is a half-truth.

Yes, we are producing nearly 200,000 tons of meat more than in 1932. But our crops are three million tons less than five years ago!

Instead of remedies, we are treated to excuses. Our Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Morrison, makes the most fantastic excuse of all.

He says we should look fools if we developed our home production to full capacity against a war which may never come.

But Mr. Morrison knows perfectly well that if a European war was certain to break out in a year or two's time, we should find it hard to put our land into order by then.

And this is as necessary for peace as for war.

There is every need for improvement in the development of agriculture.

It can be done without uneconomic stunts. It must be done unless more millions of acres of fertile land are to go out of cultivation.

It should be done before thousands more of our young folk desert the farms for our overcrowded cities.

This is not a subject for Party politics. There is not a single M.P. who is not aware of the need for saving agriculture from ruin.

Farmers are indeed more anxious to improve the situation than their Minister appears to be.

Though he talks of a sound long-term policy, there is still no sign of a comprehensive, drastic and courageous scheme to restore agriculture to its rightful place as our most vital industry.

The Ministry's little-known Food (Defence Plans) Department is getting on quite nicely, we are informed.

It is actually "giving consideration" to various matters.

But there is not a hint that it is concerning itself with the storage of food.

On the contrary. Sir Thomas Inskip has set his face against anything of the kind.

He asserts that prices would go up if he suddenly went into the market and bought vast quantities of food.

"Suddenly" is an unfortunate word for our Minister for Defence to use, since he has held his position for more than a year.

Besides, is it beyond the power of the Government to prevent a profiteering rise in prices?

Moreover, his plea that food arsenals would be too costly cannot be tolerated.

It is fairly clear that if we could store one year's national supply of wheat we could carry on through several years of European war without fear of starvation.

Such wheat could be brought to Britain without the prodigious expense of naval and aerial convoys.

There need be no secret about our hoard. The knowledge of this power of resistance might very well deter possible enemies from attacking us.

Nor would this storage entail the construction of immense buildings (easy targets for bombers) as Sir Thomas would have us believe.

☆ On a decentralised plan, this storage plan would house flour as well as wheat, of the dry Canadian type.

It would be spread among the many country mills that have been closed down on account of centralised milling at the ports, similar buildings adapted at small cost, and in new buildings only where necessary.

Other essential foodstuffs, particularly sugar and fats, could be "put in the bank."

Yet nothing is being done.

How quickly, and in what manner, are we to plough up hundreds of thousands of acres for home production?

Where are the men to come from?

Isn't it realised that even now farmers complain of a shortage of agricultural implements because steel is being used for guns instead of ploughshares?

Consider just this.

For each of five years to come we shall spend more than £80,000,000 (with extras) on national defence. Defence expenditure with food shortage would be expenditure without defence.

Why are the Services getting all the money and the civilian population getting no guarantee of food?

I don't think it is simply because the Government's policy is "first things first."

I think it is largely because there is no Department in existence strong enough to stand up to the Treasury in this mad scramble of the Services for the nation's money.

I do not advocate food arsenals as a substitute for that service of the Navy by which we have been able to bring food from overseas in time of war.

Storage is not a substitute, but an aid.

Increased naval efficiency has been accompanied by increased efficiency in air attack and by greater submarine power.

☆ Though we need not be dismayed by these changes, they are factors which should bid us take every possible precaution.

Never can our command of the seas be what it was. A share in that command has been seized by other nations.

Food importation has therefore become more difficult. It cannot be regarded as something to be left for attention until war has actually started.

Should shortage become acute, it would be followed by panic, and that stage is the near neighbour of revolution and surrender.

These comments are not prophecies or alarmist scares. They are the results easily traced in the experiences of Germany and Russia.

We have various Marketing Boards, the Food Consumers' Council, bits here and there.

We have no Provisional Food Ministry, and until we get one strong enough to do this preliminary work of storage and organisation there is a terrible flaw in our defences.

It would be a crime for the Government to ignore the great opportunities for food storage afforded by modern developments.

Can we allow that crime to be committed?

I say, NO.

Big Scale Philanthropy is

It's So Hard

The Millionaire's Nightmare—

Barriers more difficult than barbed wire spring up when he starts to share his wealth

THIS is the story of one of the most difficult jobs in the world—the business of giving away money.

Most people have mused over what they would do if they acquired a fortune.

A day-dream—but a dream which through some queer chance or opportunity, may come true to any one of us.

If you are an average person you will have thought of the satisfaction in giving and spending on friends, relations, and on pet schemes and charities.

And then commented cynically: "If somebody else does not take the surplus, the tax-collector will!"

Beyond a certain limit there is really little to be done with a great sum of money, except to give it away. And at once you come up against a problem which has baffled every rich man since Midas.

★ ★ ★

Viscount Nuffield is possibly the most generous and constant "giver" of this generation. To date, his gifts total more than £11,000,000 all distributed within five or six years.

But do you remember the bitter cry wrung from him a month or two ago? He declared:

"The idea that giving away money is an easy thing is the biggest fallacy. My responsibilities and worries because of it *have increased 500 per cent./ over my business worries.*"

Now he has to employ six secretaries to open the letters which reach him, nearly all asking for money.

They start at 8.30 a.m., and he cannot get at his own mail till 11 a.m. Hundreds of the appeals come from worthy organisations, as well as from professional beggars.

"One can do so much harm by giving money away in wrong directions," Viscount Nuffield added. "Having made a gift, you are the man to be shot at by everybody who thinks he would like some money.

"Even people with stacks of money themselves write to me about causes for which, if they wished, they could give easily enough of their own."

All millionaire philanthropists who have set out to give in a big way have found the same difficulties as Lord Nuffield. But few of them have even attempted to do what he has done—personally plan his schemes throughout and allot the distribution of his money to the last detail.

Nearly all, faced with the worry, have adopted the "Foundation" method of giving.

They simply hand over their millions in a block to a Foundation composed of a Board of Trustees and a group of paid administrators —"professional philanthropists" you might call them—who see to the spending of the money.

So a business has been created solely for the purpose of giving away the money, and its organisation is nearly as intricate and involved as the one which first made the fortune.

An example of this method is the Rockefeller Foundation, pioneer of big money-giving, which started about the beginning of the century. From then to the day of his death John D. Rockefeller gave away about £80,000,000.

But the Foundation which he created for distributing his gifts and all the numerous Boards which evolved from it—Boards for education, medical research, public hygiene, peace propaganda, and dozens of other causes—are as complicated in their relationships and branches as all the subsidiaries of the Standard Oil Company, which originally spawned those millions.

★ ★ ★

In New York is a central office which employs about a thousand people. Among them are *hundreds* of professional philanthropists and science experts, who keep watch and ward over the multitude of Rockefeller charitable enterprises spread out from Norway to South Africa, from China to Peru.

They "vet" the way the millions are spent and find new fields for further spending. The whole world is their province.

Teachers, research workers, laboratory attendants, nurses, technicians, clerks and labourers directly paid by salary or grants from the Rockefeller Boards must run into tens of thousands. In a sense, then, they are all employees.

With a million or more to give away, it is easy to drop a hundred thousand to this and that charity.

But the money would just disappear like water sinking through sand, and leave no trace.

Medical research and public health schemes were the main outlets Rockefeller chose for the millions he had to give away.

F. T. Gates, a Baptist minister, is supposed by some biographers to have been the main cause of Rockefeller's choice.

Mr. Gates was a great friend of Rockefeller. He knew that this oil king was "getting out," and wanted to do something else with his spare millions except give it to the Government in taxes.

While on a ferry-boat—the story goes—Mr. Gates saw a passenger absorbed in Osler's "Principles and Practice of Medicine."

As they were landing he spoke to the passenger and bought the book. Three days later he invaded Rockefeller's office with a proposal that an initial £10,000,000 should be spent on starting a research laboratory employing the best medical brains in the world, irrespective of nationality.

Medical education should also be overhauled, he declared, and a start made on wiping out diseases which governments were too lazy or too hampered to do anything about.

Rockefeller seized on the idea, and so began a fashion of private giving by himself and brother millionaires, which has since created about 200 Foundations, with combined assets totalling about £400,000,000—a good deal more than some nations are worth.

Most important successor to Rockefeller, and perhaps the best example of business-like charity, was Carnegie.

His Foundation, established in 1911, with offices in his native Dunfermline, has since given away more than £30,000,000 *out of income* in Great Britain.

Carnegie's field was social service. The original charter of his Trust says that his money was to be given for the "improvement of the well-being of the masses of people of Great Britain. . . ."

A fairly wide term, but the Trustees were given a free hand to interpret it as they pleased.

First, because the "old man" was passionately devoted to organ music, they thought it meant an organ in every institution big enough to hold a few people. Eight thousand organs were given away before they got tired of it, or people stopped asking.

Next venture was the Carnegie Public Libraries, of which there are now about 3,000.

★ ★ ★

After the war, came village halls, playing-fields, youth services, and grants towards land settlement for families from the Distressed Areas.

Organs may be forgotten, but music still gets a look-in to-day with the grants made to amateur musical societies.

Choral and orchestral societies now under the wing of the Trust, which guarantees them against 75 per cent. of their losses, now number 135.

But do not think that because your district needs a village hall, or a playing-field, or your local glee society is dying of debt, you have only to apply to the Carnegie Trust to get the matter settled out of hand.

This Trust, like almost every other

now Big Business

to Give Millions Away

Every Big Philanthropist from Rockefeller to Viscount Nuffield has found his biggest problem is not making millions—but giving them away. To do so they have had to found organisations almost as vast and intricate as those by which they made their fortunes.

Offices like this are the channels through which the golden coin of generosity must flow if it is to do the most good for humanity

charitable Foundation, gives its money away through some officially sponsored body.

If you want money for a particular object, you must first find one of these organisations which deals with your object.

You tell your story to *it* and, if *it* approves, then an application for the money is forwarded to one of the charitable trusts.

That may seem a very roundabout way of doing things, and it must take a lot of the "fun" out of giving.

But the millionaire and his trustees have had to adopt such indirect methods for their own protection.

Now it is estimated that nearly 50,000 people are employed in this country, all busily engaged in dispensing the annual £25,000,000 drawn from the wells of charity.

★ ★ ★

When Carnegie started the famous Hero Fund, his offices were inundated by proud fathers, greedy uncles and busybody local worthies, all of whom came with long tales of bravery in the family or in the district.

Tired little heroes used to be dragged up on midnight trains to Dunfermline almost before their clothes were dry from the pond into which they had jumped to save their little brothers.

Once, it is said, some angry applicants came to blows in an office waiting room about the respective heroisms of their various charges. Burning building rescues were sniffily compared with gallant plunges into ice-bound rivers.

When Carnegie began giving away libraries, there was endless bickering and bitterness between different localities.

Rockefeller, planning to spend his millions on health and medical research, found the same troubles when it came to direct giving.

There is a story that in the midst of one of these battles for his money, Rockefeller sent the leader of each of the contestants his favourite coin—a dime (which is worth about sixpence).

Then he built a £1,000,000 medical school and hospital in another State, a thousand miles away, which had asked for nothing.

There are still plenty of snags, however, in charity administration. Multi-millionaires may get rid of their worries and difficulties in money-giving by creating Foundations and appointing Trustees and paid officers to do the jobs for them.

But this may lead to overlapping and competition between various charities.

Take the various youth services.

Besides the Carnegie Trust in this field, there is the Pilgrim Trust, founded by an American, Edward Stephen Harkness, which has an income of £100,000 a year to "help tide over present distress."

Like Carnegie's it is interested in boys' and girls' clubs, halls and recreational centres, particularly in the Distressed Areas.

Then we have the King George Jubilee Trust, which is also engaged in this work; the King George Memorial Trust interested in playing-fields; and lastly, Lord Nuffield's £2,000,000 fund which is also to help with youth services in the Distressed Areas.

Bringing up the rear is the Government with its National Health and Youth programme.

There are other objections to the Foundation method of giving, especially where the millionaire hands over the funds in perpetuity.

Danger is that Trustees and their paid officials grow into bureaucrats, that through the years enthusiasm lapses, and they treat their jobs as fat sinecures. The well of charity becomes frozen.

Not long ago JOHN BULL gave a list of charities in this country, with funds running into scores of millions, many of which have long ceased to exist except as a name and a head office.

In America, where large-scale charity began, that danger is now realised. A condition of some of the recent Foundations is that *all* the funds, both capital and income, must be spent within a generation, and the outlook of the Foundation and its work must be kept fresh by elections to the Trusteeships every few years.

There are hundreds of charities in this country, listed in the Annual Index, for which such a rule would do a lot of good.

So many people have ideas for saving the world with somebody else's money.

One big trust, whose purposes are social welfare and education, was pestered for months by a group of people who, having had their own squints corrected, were pressing for the formation of a Cross-Eyed Foundation.

Another wants to solve street accidents among children by appointing 80,000 paid escorts to conduct children to and from school.

Yet another, dismayed by the "colour question," wants to solve it by establishing a negro navy.

When all the difficulties are considered, however, the marvel is that the great trusts have accomplished so much.

Founded by the Kodak millions, the Eastman Dental Clinic started off the many school clinics now run by the local authorities.

With its great benefits to the communal life, the Carnegie Trust may have spurred a laggard Government to similar help and action.

The Russell Sage Foundation showed the authorities how to help infirm and afflicted children; and the many trusts like the Guinness and the "Four per Cents" have led the way towards slum clearance and served as models for Council building.

★ ★ ★

Finally, there are the achievements of the Rockefeller Foundation in preventive medicine.

The oil king's millions bought a "brain trust" of scientists and gave them a headquarters from which to carry on an unrelenting fight against the scourges of mankind.

Planning such vast charitable endeavours may have cost an enormous amount of time and labour, but they have been worth it.

Remember, therefore, if you ever make your millions your troubles are only beginning.

It is a tough job to give away big money.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

FREE FOR ALL

MOST of us belabour our brains too much. This may sound a bit queer in a series of articles that for years has been advocating a bigger and better use of brains, but there's method in the madness.

For you can use your brains either sensibly or foolishly, and most people go plunging around without really differentiating between the two.

If you want to make an intelligent use of your own brains you must learn to make an intelligent use of the brains of others. This doesn't mean you should go around picking other people's brains to save yourself the trouble of using your own.

It means you should realise there are innumerable short cuts to knowledge which only a fool would ignore.

Anyone can accumulate a small reference library at a cost of no more than a few pence at a time. And no one should be without at least some books of this sort.

They're the raw material of thought. If you can find a fact in a minute by looking it up in a book, it is senseless to spend a week trying to think it out for yourself.

Books—the right books—are the Bank of Human Knowledge, and there are no overdrafts. You can draw on that bank without price and without question.

And the moral, if there is one, is—use your brains, but don't forget that other brains worked before you were even born!

OPEN LETTERS

Sir ROBERT VANSITTART,
Chief Diplomatic Adviser

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—No one can exaggerate the importance of your new post as Britain's Publicity Chief.

You may, indeed, hold the balance between war and peace.

There are many foreign countries which believe that the might of Britain is a spent force, that we have grown soft and timorous, and that, for all our rearming, we will submit to every indignity and tolerate every form of deliberate misrepresentation.

At last our rulers have awakened to the perils of this notion. Unless it is checked, it may lead to an open challenge to Britain and eventually to war.

* * *

For long we made no answer to the ceaseless stream of lying propaganda broadcast by Italy throughout the East. And others have done the same.

Now, we are led to hope, the world is to learn the facts about our national character and aims. It is to be made clear that we want to preserve peace and improve international relations, but will not maintain a cowardly silence in the face of insults and calumnies.

As chairman of a committee to co-ordinate British publicity abroad, you will have a great chance to improve our prestige. And, since no man knows more of international affairs—and international intrigues—than yourself, you are obviously the best man for the job.

I trust your task will be made easier by a firmer foreign policy than our Government has followed lately.

I am sure the whole public joins me in wishing you the highest possible measure of success.—JOHN BULL.

You may hold the balance between peace and war

Lord HUGH CECIL,
London

DEAR LORD HUGH,—No doubt it is "unseemly" for the Prime Minister, who is a Unitarian, to advise the Crown on the appointment of bishops.

Still more unseemly, I think, is the fact that Anglican bishops have an important voice in the nation's affairs while Nonconformist and other Churches, representing a far larger proportion of the religious public, have none.

"The House of Lords," you say, "does more harm to the bishops than the bishops do good to the House of Lords." Judging by the way bishops have often obstructed vital reforms, they do quite enough harm to the Lords!—JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Lanarkshire Education Committee, Hamilton

SIR,—One of your own members told you there were many defective children in Bothwell and district who have never seen the inside of a school because your Committee refuses to provide the necessary transport.

Parents were told that existing arrangements must stand until the end of the term, when the situation "might be reviewed." They were told the same thing twelve months ago.

Meanwhile, parents must pay the education rate and are liable to be taken to court for failing to send their children to school. And the little ones go untaught. This is sheer inefficiency.—JOHN BULL.

The LORD MAYOR,
Manchester

MY LORD MAYOR,—Every great city should, as you propose to do, set up a "Flying Squad" to save the lives of mothers.

There will be a day-and-night service, comprising an ambulance, special equipment, a specialist, doctor and midwife, to be rushed off to any case that is too complicated for ordinary treatment and too dangerous to be moved to hospital.

I have already told of the immense good which such squads are performing in three towns, and I know you will never regret its small cost.—JOHN BULL.

The LORD MAYOR,
Sheffield

MY LORD MAYOR,—Your prosperous city may not be unique in the number of wives who draw separation allowances.

The number, however, is increasing to such an extent that you are having to engage an extra clerk to marshal the queues of women who line up for their allowances at the court offices every Wednesday and Thursday.

Why not post the women's allowances to them—saving them the indignity they suffer each week and your city the cost of a clerk?—JOHN BULL.

Squadron-Leader J. W. GILLAN,
R.A.F. Aerodrome, Northolt

DEAR SIR,—Salute to your adventure in hurtling from Edinburgh to London in forty-eight minutes—an average of seven miles a minute.

And under bad conditions and with the throttle of your fighting 'plane never more than three-quarters open.

What I would like to hear, if the regulations allowed it to be given, is your opinion of the value of the performance from the point of view of the nation's defence.

Won't fighting machines travelling at these fantastic speeds have difficulty even in sighting each other in the air—let alone fighting?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. S. MORRISON,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—Every poultry-keeper expects prompt action from you on the Commission's report which you have just received.

Particularly should you agree to stop the distribution of diseased poultry, to build up a healthy stock again, and provide research which, scientists assure us, would soon find the cause of fowl disease.

One Scots farmer has lost 700 out of 1,000 chicks, the Commission tells you. Another has had a fine laying flock of 2,000 hens reduced to less than 400, and similar reports come from every district.

The cost of the whole scheme proposed, including reorganisation of the nearly ruined egg industry, would be only £110,000 a year, whereas disease alone costs poultry-keepers £4,000,000 a year. So don't hesitate!—JOHN BULL.

ANTHONY WILLIAM HALL,
"King Anthony of England"

"YOUR MAJESTY,"—What an incurable optimist you are! You actually hope to succeed in proving your right to the Throne by 1940.

You won't. All you'll do is to make yourself poorer. Be a sensible fellow and resign yourself to the normal status of an ex-police sergeant.—JOHN BULL.

Lord STANHOPE,
President, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—Makes you think, doesn't it?—that new L.C.C. plan for better schools, including a green belt of class-room playing-fields for elementary school children all round London.

Makes you think of those other councils that maintain rat-infested, insanitary, unheated, ramshackle schools to injure the scholars' health.

And it makes me wonder why you don't threaten to withdraw the education grant from these slum-minded authorities.—JOHN BULL.

Miss RUTH HEATH-HAINES,
Portland Place, London, W.

YOUNG LADY,—Since I loathe idlers, you will get no sympathy from me.

Jealousy of another woman made you steal her gold cigarette-case at a bridge party, and the magistrate is told that you are a twenty-year-old girl who "has no need to work."

I suggest that you will be more likely to keep clear of police-courts and become a worth-while person if you find a full-time job—preferably an unpaid one.—JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN,
Somerset County Council

DEAR SIR,—Typhoid is bad enough without it resulting in destitution.

Thirty wage-earners have been taken to the isolation hospital from the village of West Huntspill. Their families are in desperate straits.

Many of them have no money for food. Some are sleeping on the floor, since the bedding has had to be burned.

Must you wait for public protest, as Croydon Council waited, before coming to the rescue?—JOHN BULL.

Capt. L. C. LYNDON MOORE,
Dorchester

DEAR CAPTAIN,—There must be some queer "Christians" in your part of the world if, as you say, there are people attempting to boycott your business because you voted in council in favour of Sunday tennis.

Recalling what Dorchester did to the early trade unionists, I hope you will determine to see the modern reactionaries in a *very* hot place before they make another martyr out of you.—JOHN BULL.

VISCOUNT CECIL OF CHELWOOD,
National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief

DEAR LORD CECIL,—I hope that, because some of the Basque child refugees have been repatriated, your excellent work in caring for those still here is not hampered by lack of money.

Our duty to them is plain. It would be a slur on the national conscience if we withheld from these pitiable victims of a barbarous war the traditional British hospitality.

Yet your funds are desperately low, and I trust the public will hasten to give you generous support.—JOHN BULL.

Every baby means one shilling off the rent

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

'Bobs' for Babies

A NEW monetary value has been given to babies in the rural district of Guildford, Surrey.

For there a most interesting experiment, affecting the home life of working-class people, has been launched.

What the local council proposes to do is to charge rents for the houses it builds in accordance with the size of tenants' families.

A standard rent of 11s. a week is fixed for parlour type houses, and 8s. a week for those without parlours.

These rents will be reduced a shilling a week for each child under school-leaving age, until a minimum of 3s. 6d. a week rent is reached.

Thus the father of a large family will find in lower rent a compensation for the expenses which children bring.

Moreover, the council intends to act equally reasonably on the reverse side.

* * *

If a tenant finds that he has room for a lodger, then he must pay an addition of 9d. a week rent for each lodger.

Here we have a working system of establishing rents on the basis of what people can afford to pay.

Obviously the small wage-earning rural labourer of Surrey who has a large family cannot afford to pay so much in rent as his fellow with one or two children.

We congratulate the Guildford Rural District Council on its sound common-sense and humanity.

These Surrey local rulers have the courage to act in direct opposition to the general principle of working-class house-letting hitherto in operation.

Usually, the family man, seeking a decent modern home, finds his search is vain because he has children.

Everywhere he goes he is asked questions about the number of children.

* * *

And because he has several children—or even any children at all—he is held to be in prospect undesirable.

Other things being equal, a man and wife, without family, will always be accepted as a tenant by certain municipal and local councils in preference to a man and wife *with children*.

It is an iniquity which exists up and down the country.

Just a year ago the admirable "Overcrowding Act" of the Ministry of Health came into force.

Under this measure families in undesirable and inadequate dwellings were properly dispossessed.

But in many cases such families have been unable to secure alternative, suitable accommodation.

Either they were refused houses on the score of "too many children" or the wage-earner could not possibly afford the rent of the council house offered.

No scaling down of the rent was permitted to the father of a large family.

Now from Guildford, Surrey, comes the right remedy.

"Looking-in" on television—developing this modern miracle would help to reduce the workless

A. G. Gardiner says—

Britain, with her total of workless now at 1,827,607, may again be threatened with a slump. But, surely, if the nation is to fight it—

There is Work for All

NO one, least of all the Government, can afford to ignore the red light shown by the January unemployment figures.

Workless now total 1,827,607, half a million more than last August, bringing us back within sight of the two-million mark and the days of the Great Depression.

If we are to banish the shadow of a new slump—for I believe that the reaction has already set in—we must look to our defences.

ON THE HOME FRONT we must forge ahead with a counter-attack of national and local public works.

They must be works of necessity more than urgency—things that have to be done sooner or later.

★ ★ ★

Furthermore, they should be things that belong to the sphere of public utilities, which improve the national estate and can only be carried out at the nation's expense.

To this category belong such activities as the building of new houses, schools, roads, and bridges.

Drainage schemes that would wipe out the terror that winter brings to low-lying Fenland and the Thames Valley and make thousands of acres more fruitful are prepared to the last detail. Put them into action.

All over the country are farms and cottages waiting for electrification. Now is the time to give it to them.

Television, too, is crying for extension.

One of my correspondents writes: "It is ridiculous to limit television to twenty-five miles round London.

"New stations ought to be built where there are Regional B.B.C. stations."

I quite agree with this view.

Yet there are 1,827,607 idle men and women. Surely in such schemes as these there is work for all of them.

There is not an area in the country where public works could not be planned and kept in "cold storage" for just such a time as this.

★ ★ ★

It should be the duty of every local authority to prepare development programmes in readiness for the first sign of slump.

Preparing this policy—the most economical way of combatting unemployment—should be the business of the Opposition, and I cannot conceive that the Government would have the wish or the unwisdom to oppose it.

ON THE FOREIGN FRONT the campaign is more complex.

First we must analyse the upward climb of the workless total.

It has not been sensational, as in the United States, where unemployment has risen since last August six or eight times as much as here.

But it has had an ominous steadiness like a creeping paralysis.

Building, metal work, tailoring, and most trades, with the exception of coal-mining, have felt the grip of depression tightening.

So, too, have the engineering, iron and steel industries—despite the heavy demands of rearmament.

Deprecating slump anticipations two months ago on the ground that they created lack of confidence, checked enterprise and induced "slump psychology," I ventured the opinion that, given one condition, a return to anything like the Great Depression of 1930-33 was out of the question.

I still think so, given the same condition. That condition is a stable America.

Even in normal times the United States is the biggest factor in world commerce with which we have to reckon.

Now, with the European dictatorships substituting an exclusive nationalism for world exchange, the importance of the United States is more than ever decisive.

Its delirium in 1930-33 upset the world's economic equilibrium.

If the conflict between Roosevelt and Wall Street is fought to a finish, it will upset it again. And we shall not escape being sucked into the vortex as we were before.

★ ★ ★

I cannot believe that that will happen. The memories of 1930-33 are too recent and too vivid to permit the repetition of such a catastrophe.

And if it is averted, that consequent recovery in America will react on trade here.

The stage will be set for a forward move by the two great English-speaking democracies on parallel lines—a move that will not only go far to shape the political destinies of the world, but the commercial future of both countries.

The Anglo-American trade agreement which is now being negotiated at Washington may well be a decisive blow at the economic nationalism of the dictators.

It should do two things.

It should release the currents of trade between the two countries by lowering tariffs and abolishing as far as possible the mischievous quotas and subsidies by which one country impoverishes itself to impoverish its neighbour.

And it should provide a standard around which all the democratic nations—France, Britain, the United States, Scandinavia, Belgium and Holland—can gather for their common enrichment.

By striking off the fetters of trade this commercial coalition would do far more to discredit and destroy the philosophy of the dictators than can be done by the most formidable armaments.

We must seek in this direction our foreign line of defence against unemployment.

No country, as Mr. Van Zeeland, Premier of Holland, says in his great report on world recovery, can live by itself.

That is what the dictator powers are seeking to do, and that is why they will fail.

But no country is so dependent for its prosperity on world trade as we are, and that is why the Anglo-American Trade Treaty is fraught with such momentous consequences to our future.

But we must still protect ourselves against the possibility of the channels of world trade remaining frozen by the insane policy of economic nationalisation.

That is why our home and foreign fronts are so closely interlinked. And that is why, while seeking to emancipate world trade, we must, in this country, strengthen our barricades against depression.

Although, as I have said, there are plans in existence for vast drainage schemes, much still remains to be done.

And this rise in the unemployment figures is a warning that no time must be lost.

And time is being lost.

I am no thick-and-thin advocate of what is called a planned economy. I am for the fullest measure of freedom of trade at home as well as abroad.

★ ★ ★

Rigid, centralised control of industry, finance and commerce, which is common to the dictatorships, Communist and Fascist alike, is a system which I do not believe we should adopt.

But there is, it seems to me, an overwhelming case for a certain measure of planned economy as a policy of national defence.

Especially so in a time of world upheaval, when we never know from whence a blow may come which may upset our economic apple-cart.

Against such vicissitudes it is the plainest common sense that a programme of public works, national and local, should be in reserve for emergency.

Britain must be prepared both at home and abroad.

Now

write to the Editor and tell him what you would like A. G. Gardiner to write about next week

Not from the B.B.C.

Jay Justice

WHERE are the boys of the Old Brigade
Who've long since lost their teeth,
Whose shining pates reveal no hair
And are, quite possibly, as bare
Of anything beneath?

Some of them in a club armchair
Their corpulence entrench,
And some in seaside shelters nod,
But many more—ten thousand-odd—
Are sleeping on the Bench!

If they were content to go on sleeping "the sleep of the Justice" these aged J.P.s might be tolerated.

But every now and then one wakes up to demonstrate that Justice, instead of being merely blind, is cock-eyed and addle-pated as well.

* * *

So the Lord Chancellor desires that some 10,000 Jay P.s should be painlessly subtracted from an imposing total of 30,000, on the grounds of age or infirmity—or both.

The infirmity most prevalent among amateur Bench-warmers is deafness. But an equally large number are undeniably "dumb," although by no means silent.

The Lord Chancellor, although polite, remains firm.

"You are old, Father Dogberry, old and infirm,"
Lord Hailsham politely remarked;
"For sixty-odd years come next Michaelmas term
Yourself on that Bench you have parked."

"Yes, I know," said the Justice; "they first put a J
And likewise a P to my name
In the long-long-ago; for I well mind the day
Ere these vile horseless carriages came!"

"Just so," said his lordship, "and that's why I say
It is time you were freed from the strain;
For if you keep on I'm afraid that it may
Cause an injury . . . er . . . to your brain

"Your cases for long might be classed as 'part heard,'
For there's little you're able to hear;
So please understand you're receiving the bird—.
You're too costly at nothing per year!"

Y. Y.

Think of a number

and halve your tuning difficulties

says Christopher Stone

— and Christopher Stone is right — for the 'Teleflic' tuning system on our model S.W.45 makes it as nearly easy to log N.B.C. stations of America as B.B.C. stations over here.

You see, certain SHORTWAVE stations are grouped so closely together on the dial that it's quite impossible to distinguish their individual wavelengths. But the 'Teleflic' comes to your assistance by giving you the equivalent of a dial 12 feet long, every station with its own number! By simply noting this number, you can tune-in the same station again and again — without any tiresome "fiddling." Rather neat, isn't it? Go along to your BUSH dealer's — and try it yourself.

And while you're there having fun just note the wonderful reproduction of this model. It's due to its tremendously powerful output of 8 watts. Ask your dealer about that too!

MODEL S.W.45.
De luxe 6-valve, 7-stage Superhet for A.C. mains with 8-watt output. Unique TELEFLIC dial for short waves. Magic eye tuning indicator. Variable selectivity. A.V.C., high fidelity moving coil speaker, luxurious walnut cabinet. On popular payments 21/- deposit, 23 monthly rents and 1 final payment of 15/3. **15** GNS. CASH

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To Bush Radio Ltd., Dept. J.B. 161, Power Rd., Chiswick, London, W.4
Please send me details of the Bush S.W.45, and name of nearest Appointed Dealer.

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Address .....

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Post in ½d. unsealed envelope.

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For Prices in Eire apply to *Distributors for Eire*: R. Marks Ltd., 27 Upper Liffey Street, Dublin.

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Sir Wyn Childs

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Sir Wyndham Childs says:

"I will do my best to advise every reader who writes to me of a genuine grievance. I will investigate any real case of victimisation and, if possible, expose the matter in my pages"

Mammoth Exhibition Fiasco

FOR some time the inhabitants of the thickly-populated area of Ilford, Seven Kings and Romford were intrigued by the prospect of an ideal home exhibition which was to be staged at the rink in the High Road of Ilford.

Posters led them to believe that this project, known as the "South Essex Ideal Home Exhibition," was to be held in a "miniature Olympia," and would be "something different."

On the first day the Mayor of Ilford would attend officially to perform the opening ceremony.

The organiser, Mr. D. Chapman, prepared plans which were sufficiently impressive to persuade a number of trading concerns to put down deposits of £7 and upwards in advance to secure floor space.

* * *

For days prior to the opening loads of goods arrived from Manchester, Cambridge, Leeds and other centres, but there was no place to put them and they had to be sent back again.

Forty-two prospective stallholders began to be puzzled at what appeared to be a hitch in the arrangements. I can well understand the very great annoyance of several of them.

One concern had caused thousands of handbills to be printed, and had sent out circulars of a scheme in which they offered free passes to the exhibition.

On the advertised day for the opening a group of people gathered at the doors expecting to witness the arrival of the Mayor. Fortunately, the Mayor had been warned previously that the exhibition was not ready, and he did not attend.

Something very serious had gone wrong. Most surprising thing of all was that Chapman was nowhere to be found in Ilford nor in the immediate neighbourhood.

Eventually indignant stallholders who had paid their deposits traced him to a hotel in Tottenham Court Road, in the West End of London, but they could not establish actual contact—firstly because he was always out, and later because he was confined to his bed.

After further delays Chapman decided to meet the would-be exhibitors, and did so at the same hotel.

* * *

And a dreary business it turned out to be. Chapman fidgeted with a cheap notebook and admitted there was no contract in existence for the renting of the Ilford Rink!

Eventually it was decided that the exhibition should be held early in March, on condition that he secured a contract with the owners of the rink.

I think that after this fiasco exhibitors are well entitled to question Chapman's organising abilities.

He should be compelled to return all deposit money. This is the least he can do to compensate them for all the trouble to which they have been put.

WEIRD GARDEN OF EDEN

IN the pleasant woodland of Doddington, some ten miles from Sittingbourne, in Kent, is a farm known locally as Margaret Manor, which its present owner prefers to designate as the "Lady Margaret Hospital."

The manor consists of a couple of country cottages, a converted barn with a number of attendant huts ments set in a quiet, remote countryside. Part is always called by those who live on the farm as "the hospital."

A short distance away is a building which is being carved as a chapel.

Those who live on the farm have been heard to call it "The Garden of Eden." In the colony there are five or six times as many women as men.

A strange assortment indeed. There are very old men who come there hungry and express themselves willing to do any work they can in return for food and shelter. There are strong, healthy young women, both white and coloured.

The head of this strange community is a bearded man of seventy, one Josiah Oldfield, a man of many parts, a physician, a barrister, a philosopher—and, above all, a vegetarian.

Some time ago, Oldfield began to fix notices to the main gate leading to the farm. One read:

"Wanted—a man of genius as recruit to the Garden of Eden."

One man who applied was received by Oldfield, who explained in a most impressive way that the Garden of Eden was unique. (Indeed, there would appear to be no doubt about that.) Those who lived there pursued a free, unrestrained existence. They scorned money. They lived on fruit and vegetables.

Oldfield has his own philosophy of life apart from his ideas on vegetarianism.

He denies man the right to kill beasts for food, but he thinks it proper that all ugly women should be quietly drowned. Surplus women are a menace. He approves of kissing.

If a girl falls in love then she automatically becomes a new being. She digests her food better. Her hair assumes an unaccustomed gloss. She breathes more freely and music and laughter exude from her soul. She is uplifted on wings of unaccountable happiness.

For years, according to his own account, Oldfield has been engaged on a mission for suffering humanity.

Just about a month ago I received a strange letter from an inmate of Margaret Manor. It hardly conveyed any such halcyon picture of life in that beautiful seclusion.

He is an old soldier, now sixty-six, but with war service that took him to Gallipoli and the Western Front.

Wishing to rest his weary body, he entered this Garden of Eden to work for Oldfield in return for shelter and a bag of fruit every day.

He described the conditions as terrible. Washing and sanitary provisions are primitive. He himself had to sleep in a tent once used for covering tools.

* * *

As a companion he had an old man, seriously ill, who had also entered Eden on a similar understanding. There were a number of small children to be found there living a real alfresco life.

My correspondent could stand things no longer and left abruptly.

I have other complaints. Last March Oldfield visited Jamaica, and while in the island met a young coloured woman. He declared she was very intelligent and ought to have experience of England.

That he could arrange. If she would travel to England and work as his personal typist he would send her a return ticket from Kingston to London and provide her with board and lodging.

* * *

If at the end of six months she wanted to find another job, he would advance her £10 to give her a start.

Little surprise that this young coloured girl jumped at such a prospect. Last August she heard from Oldfield, but instead of receiving a return ticket, it was only a single one.

Coming to London in September, she was met by Oldfield, who took her next day to the Garden of Eden.

She was given a dark and small cubicle to live in. The sole furnishings were a low divan bed, a small locker and a mirror hanging on the wall. She found there two other coloured girls, both from Jamaica, who, strangely enough, had only been there about a fortnight.

Oldfield introduced her to a number of inmates in the hospital, whom he described as poor paying guests. They had to take their meals in common at what were called "community tables." And in return she had to work from seven in the morning until seven at night.

Josiah Oldfield, physician, barrister, philosopher — and founder of a strange colony in a Kentish woodland

She felt she had lost her freedom in the midst of the weird surroundings of Margaret Manor.

In the cold days of winter she shivered in her cubicle, and, eventually driven desperate by the conditions, approached Oldfield, taxing him quite rightly about the way in which he had brought her from her native Jamaican sun.

When she said she intended to leave Oldfield was very displeased. He did not mention the little matter of £10 or the return ticket to Jamaica. She left in disgust.

I have before me another letter from a woman who is still at Doddington. She badly wants to leave there.

"Please try and see what you can do for me," she pleads, "I am quite short of money—if I remain here any longer I will die—it is disgusting to live here."

A Jamaican who went to Doddington in the belief he would be helped in his artistic career left at once. "One night was enough for me," he says.

Enquiries I have had made at this remarkable establishment reveal that there are several people living there in wooden huts with bunks arranged one on top of the other.

An investigator I sent to Doddington saw several coloured women in nurses' uniform—the girls from Jamaica! Every time he tried to ask questions he was politely edged away by a white woman, also wearing nurse's uniform.

Numerous complaints have been made —many by women—about this institution.

A local tradesman has helped several former inmates financially who have run away in a distressed state of mind.

"Four girls at least have come to my house from Margaret Manor thoroughly unhappy and frightened," he said. "I helped them with money so they could leave the district."

* * *

For a long time Oldfield has been raising money by various means. He operates by letters to the Press, which are in reality just disguised advertisements. He also distributes appeals through the post.

Despite these appeals for public support, he makes it a rule that "all patients, according to their capacity, are required to pay something towards their treatment."

Dr. Oldfield has some reputation as a fruitarian and dietetist, true; but why should he go half-way across the world to find coloured women disciples for his Doddington retreat?

Blameless—but Penalised

YOU will agree with me that for a young man of only twenty to have his career jeopardised, if not hazarded altogether, for the paltry sum of 10s. 4d. is in the nature of a tragedy.

It happened to Ronald Maurice Williams, of Mary Street, Porth, Glam.

For five years he was employed by the Mid-Rhondda Co-operative Society at its branch at Ferndale. In the course of that time he handled thousands of pounds, and from time to time he went out as a roundsman to collect considerable sums.

There was never the slightest defalcation even of a penny piece.

Then during an examination of accounts it was discovered that three members' slips at the Ferndale branch were missing, and there was a deficiency of 10s. 4d.

Williams could not explain the shortage. There were three other members of the staff who also had access to the till. But Williams was dismissed on the spot. If his employers had had any proof of dishonesty they ought to have prosecuted him or proved him guilty and so given the young man a chance to clear his name.

Since his dismissal his parents have brought the case of their son to the notice of the management committee of the Mid-Rhondda Co-operative Society, Ltd., but without avail.

Ronald Williams is suffering from ill-health induced by this very personal anxiety and worry.

When three persons have access to the desk it is hardly fair to brand a youth as a thief for what may well have been the mistake of another.

In view of the satisfactory service that this young man had given his employers over a period of years, I should be most glad to learn that some further enquiry is to be made into his case

PARK DRIVE

15 for 6d.

10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2D

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LIGHTHOUSE of DEATH

SEAMEN have come to regard the small harbour of St. Ives, Cornwall, as little short of a death-trap. They allege that the cause of the trouble is the inadequate power of the Godrevy Lighthouse.

Recently seven lives were lost when the Italian steamer *Alba* was piled on the rocks at St. Ives during a storm which lashed the sea to fury.

Cornishmen manned the St. Ives lifeboat, which set out in a raging sea to the rescue of the crew of the *Alba*.

Following the tragedy there were many protests about the inadequacy of the Godrevy Lighthouse, and these complaints appear to be only too well founded.

No man knows the situation better than Lifeboat-Coxswain Cocking, who recently stated that the lack of power from the light of Godrevy Lighthouse since its change-over to an unmanned light had become a menace to shipping.

Two years ago, the Trinity House Commissioners, who are responsible for the maintenance of lighthouses, were apparently suffering from a severe attack of pinchbeck economy.

Originally, this light on the Cornish coast had a strength of 68,000 candle-power. For years a light of this power was considered necessary, and it did its job of warning ships off the St. Ives rocks.

Then the spirit of a misguided economy prevailed, and the Trinity House Commissioners, without consulting the maritime officials, decided to reduce the power of the St. Ives light from 68,000 candle-power to 3,500.

* * *

The powerful flashing light of Godrevy, which had saved many a vessel from running on to the rocks, became a feeble glimmering automatic acetylene light—about as useful as a rushlight for lighting the storm-lashed coast.

Since the beacon light of Godrevy was replaced two years ago by the present stationary automatic light worked by acetylene, there have been several wrecks on this coast, resulting in the loss of the lives of seamen.

The Mayor of St. Ives, Mr. Charles W. Curnow, recently said "the greatest mistake of Trinity House was the removal of the powerful flashing light for economy's sake, and the substitution of a feeble glimmering automatic acetylene light.

"It is very evident to me that the captain of the *Alba* was deluded into thinking (seeing the lights of Ayr Houses and those on the gasworks front) that he was running straight into Porthmoor Beach.

"I am of the firm opinion that had Godrevy light been there as of old, not only this boat, but all three that have been wrecked this past two years, would have been saved."

* * *

If there is any doubt in the minds of the authorities that the present Godrevy light, with its useless glimmer of 3,500 candle-power, is a danger to shipping, let us take the opinion of the chief officer of the steamer *Alba*, who saw members of the crew go to their deaths in the recent wreck.

He says that the town lights of St. Ives deluded them and sent their ship to destruction.

"The second officer saw lights and thought he had picked up the Godrevy. The ship steered to the eastern side of Porthmoor Beach, and was making for what was thought was the harbour—instead of that the ship rammed the Three Brothers rocks. The lights he saw were near the gasworks on high ground. The lighthouse was not visible."

Now something must be done about it. Economy which costs human lives is a crime against humanity, and particularly against those men who go down to the sea in ships.

The responsibility is with the Trinity House Commissioners. The General Lighthouse Fund has an income of over £800,000 a year, and this money is well spent on the upkeep of lighthouses round the coasts of the British Isles.

Out of this sum there must be found a sufficient sum to replace the present ineffective acetylene light of Godrevy at St. Ives, for a light worthy of the name.

The recent shipwreck of the *Alba* is a tragic comment on false economy. We call upon the Trinity House Brethren to act and end what has aptly been described as a "national disgrace."

Godrevy lighthouse—through its inadequate power many lives have been lost

"Training" Tragedies

FRANKLY, the true purpose of a training centre is to give men who have been out of work for long periods a chance to get a job once more. No one can doubt the high ideal which brought such centres into existence.

But what sometimes happens in actual fact? The training centre brings misery and distress far worse than it set out to remedy.

A young Cheshire reader welcomed the opportunity of going to a training centre for a period of five weeks in the hope that his chance of getting employment afterwards would be materially improved.

He did not think that in his absence his wife and family would experience the hardships that came to them. In four succeeding weeks the woman received the sums of 30s., 29s., 27s. and 23s. 4d. respectively.

Rent amounted to 12s. 6d. a week, coal 1s. 11d., light 1s., insurance 1s. 4d., clothing club 2s.—a total of 24s. 9d.

It is not surprising that in course of a short time she fell in arrears with her rent. The bailiffs were put in and she was ejected. One child was taken to hospital. The woman and the other child had to fare as best they could.

The man in the training centre had been unemployed for five years, two of which he had spent on the Means Test.

* * *

When he came home he found he could obtain no money from the employment exchange, and when eventually the P.A.C. gave him a voucher it was just sufficient to cover the rent and light of a new house his wife had taken in her desperation.

At the time one child was in hospital and the other too weak to go to school on account of the harsh application of regulations by the authorities, yet nothing was done. To my mind, the whole episode reflects badly on the authorities concerned.

Three More to Watch

"WE gladly take old iron, stoves, mangles, cycles, etc.," runs the footnote on a printed postcard headed "Our Collectors will call to-morrow (in Aid of Unemployed Men) for Waste Collection."

The card appeals for old clothes, boots, waste paper—"in fact, anything for which you have no further use"—and is signed "T. Myerscough, sec."

Of what is he secretary? The name of no registered charity organisation is given, yet the wording decidedly suggests that he is appealing for charity.

Reputable charity investigators report that Myerscough's venture is a purely business concern.

* * *

In the summer of last year I warned my readers about a Welwyn (Herts) firm run by an individual named L. Richards, called "Pilot Sports."

People who sent money for goods did not receive them.

At the same address a Mr. F. E. Ablett had previously carried on a business which he called the "Pilot Gut Company," about which I received complaints also. I was convinced that Richards and Ablett were one and the same person, and now my suspicions are fully justified.

A solicitor, whom I was able to assist with certain information, sued Ablett, otherwise Richards, for moneys due to a client. The money has now been paid into court.

Steer clear of these "Pilot" enterprises.

* * *

Leslie Gordon Dilks, using an address in City Road, London, E.C., has been duping housewives on the inducement that if they bought tea from him they would receive handsome prizes.

In one case Dilks swindled a woman out of nearly £27. He showed her a cheque for £500, which he said had been won by another lucky purchaser.

Dilks, who has already been in jail, is one of a small army of tea "prize" tricksters touring the country.

My advice to women readers is to go fully into the credentials of all such callers—and of the firms they say they represent—before parting with money.

Council's Stupid Veto

NOW I have a little tale to tell about the ordinary but important barnyard fowl. In some districts, such as Portsmouth and Harrow, where councils can make their voices heard, the hen is evidently looked upon seriously as an enemy of society.

In Portsmouth dwellers in council houses are absolutely forbidden to keep poultry of any kind in their extensive backyards.

At Harrow where conditions are semi-rural and each house has a considerable garden, a similar ban will come into force in less than twelve months from now.

The case of Portsmouth is peculiar. It did not matter how well the birds were housed and cared for, they had to be destroyed within a month from a given day. Certain complaints had been made and the Council decided to make arbitrary use of its powers. I can well understand the nuisance that may be caused by crowing cocks at the hour of dawn, but is there any real harm in keeping hens and pullets provided they are well looked after.

Things are rendered worse by the fact that some time ago official permission to keep poultry was given to householders on the council estates. As a result the tenants, who are mostly dockyard workers, invested their small savings in coops and stock, in some cases amounting to several hard-earned pounds.

* * *

It would appear that in certain instances the poultry was not well cared for. But that does not justify this complete clean sweep in which the innocent suffer with the guilty. To-day the backyards of the Portsmouth council houses are bleak and desolate. The coops have been torn down.

Rhode Island Red pullets, Light Sussex pullets, Wyandottes, which used to walk them, are gone. And even more tragic, there are no longer any fresh eggs in the kitchen, and the workers have to buy inferior articles from China and Egypt—all they can now afford.

* * *

At Harrow I have heard of the case of Mr. G. F. Brown, a postal worker living in Whitchurch Avenue. He has kept poultry for seventeen years—hens, not cocks. His coops are altogether admirable. They do not let in water like the council house roof under which he has to live.

But he, too, must get rid of his poultry. He will lose his hobby. He will lose a valuable supply of eggs and food because the Council says so.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

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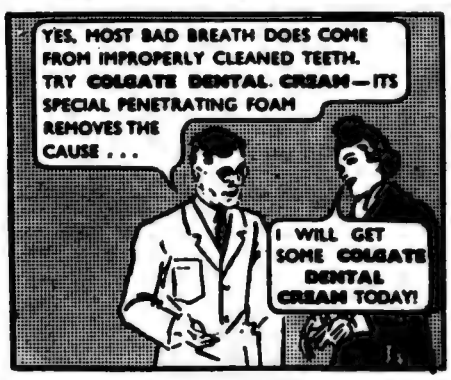
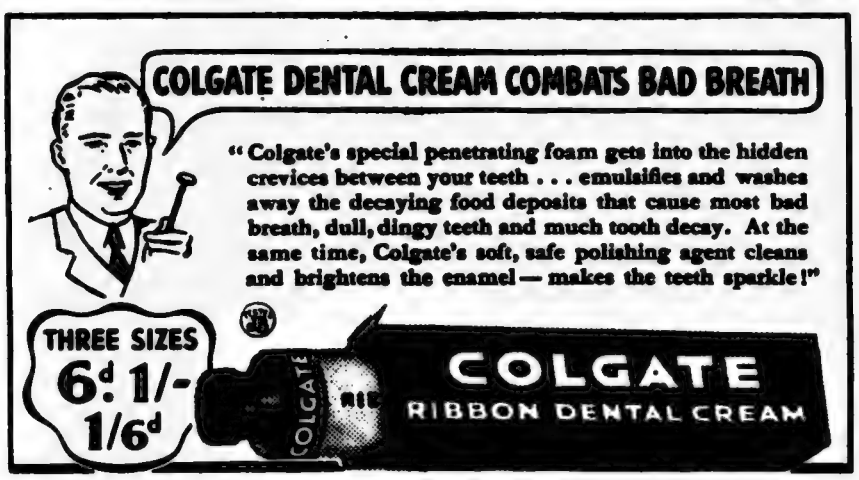
THEY USED TO PITY HER AT DANCES!
YOU CAN'T TAKE ME IN, MISS ALLEN, I'D KNOW YOU ANYWHERE!
(THINKS) WHY MUST SUCH A BEAUTIFUL GIRL HAVE SUCH BREATH!
POOR PEGGY, ANOTHER EVENING SPOILED.

HE WAS HORRID! . . . I HATE HIM! AND WHY DO YOU TALK ABOUT MY TEETH? YOU KNOW HOW CAREFULLY I BRUSH THEM!
JUST THE SAME. THEY SAY BAD BREATH COMES FROM THE TEETH . . . IT WON'T HURT TO ASK THE DENTIST.


YES, MOST BAD BREATH DOES COME FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. TRY COLGATE DENTAL CREAM—ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE . . .
I WILL GET SOME COLGATE DENTAL CREAM TODAY!

YOU SHOULD SEE PEGGY NOW!
COME ON, PEGGY, JUST ONE DANCE!
GO AWAY . . . THIS IS MINE!
(THINKS) THANK HEAVEN FOR COLGATE'S. I'LL NEVER BE CARELESS AGAIN!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"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel — makes the teeth sparkle!"
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6d. 1/-
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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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COLDS AND INFLUENZA successfully treated by Cephos, prescription of Eminent Physician. Safe and certain. Does not affect heart. Powder or Tablet form. Send p.c. for **FREE** sample, CEPHOS, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

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ARTIFICIAL TEETH. If yours are loose use NuFit Denture Lining and make them close fitting. Saves sore mouth and brings real comfort. See advt. on page 3.

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EXCELLENT health for 1/- a week! This is the cost of Mr. H. Broom's International Physical Culture Course, advertised on page 31. Send for full details of this proved Physical Culture training, which can be carried out in your own home by filling in coupon on p. 31.

FREE.—If you value good sight get a copy of a 20-page book, "The Only Pair of Eyes in the World," which is full of interesting clues about the care of your eyes. Write now, while you think of it, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Optical Board of Publicity, 12, Cork Street, London, W.1, for free book. See page 22.

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A Special "John Bull" Exposure

MENACE OF WOMEN SHYLOCKS

QUESTIONS are to be asked in the House of Commons concerning the grave social problem of the Unregistered Moneylender.

Demands will be made for drastic action against these private usurers.

Most of them are women. They exist in practically every working-class district throughout the country; carrying on their illicit trade in secret, grinding the uttermost farthing from those who get into their clutches.

The scandal has grown alarmingly, and the number of unregistered women moneylenders must run to thousands.

Mr. David Logan, M.P. for the Scotland Division of Liverpool, has declared that many suicides in Liverpool in the old days were directly due to the activities of these Shylocks.

Now evidence shows that the moneylending traffic is worse than ever it was "in the old days."

Only when some of these women—who prey mostly on their own sex—are convicted are their amazing rates of interest revealed.

Women moneylenders are wrecking thousands of homes in Britain by their extortionate demands. Their victims dare not speak out—blackmail binds them to silence.

The woman Shylock demands her pound of flesh without mercy

☆ Prosecuted in East London, an unregistered woman lender was charging 16s. a week interest on a £2 loan.

Not long ago, in Durham county, a woman moneylender, working in private among "friends," was charging them no less than 1,300 per cent. a year interest.

One Manchester housewife repaid £20 5s. in interest on a £3 advance, and the original loan was still outstanding.

Among the unemployed of South Wales illegal moneylenders are for ever active. They concentrate on young men and girls drawing unemployment benefit.

Rates of interest to these juvenile borrowers vary from 500 per cent. to 2,000 per cent.

Interest must be paid when unemployment pay is drawn, and it is common for young people who have got into arrears to have to pay the whole of their unemployment money to the local woman lender.

Then they have to borrow again, and get deeper into debt.

Denouncing the secret moneylending evil from a public platform, the mayor of a North Wales town said that the wives of working men were charged 5s. in the pound for a loan of a few days' duration.

"Some workers," he declared, "never handle a penny of their earnings because all the money is already mortgaged."

Gateshead's Chief Constable appeals to the public to come forward and tell him in confidence of abnormal interest being charged by moneylenders. He wants evidence that will enable him to weed out the canker.

Other chief constables might well follow his lead.

For hand in hand with the moneylending menace goes blackmail. This is the woman Shylock's strongest weapon, just as secrecy is her shield.

One woman in a Lancashire city threatened to tell the unemployment and relief authorities when her clients failed to pay her extortionate interest.

Most of these clients were wives who had borrowed small sums without their husbands' knowledge.

At all costs the husband must not know, and the terrified victims paid and paid and paid until they reimbursed the lender many times over and still they were not clear of debt.

By almost every post the Editor of JOHN BULL receives letters about these women extortioners. Many are anonymous, for the writers fear even to put their names to their pitiful complaints, thinking that, in some way, the fact of their telling will get back to the woman who menaces their happiness.

One letter from a North-East coast town discloses a new trick of the woman moneylender.

Says the writer, giving the name of the moneylender, "For more than sixteen years, to my knowledge, she has been lending money at threepence in the shilling interest per week.

"She has most of the women in two streets in her power, and many of the men. They are all frightened of her.

"Her method is this: She offers to get groceries and meat from the local store for women who are in temporary distress, and perhaps a few clothes which are sorely needed.

☆ "Next week the women cannot pay for the goods they have received, and the money they owe becomes a debt bearing threepence in the shilling interest.

"So it goes on week after week, the debt and the weekly payments of interest mounting up.

"In the end the women who have accepted this 'help' do not know how they stand."

It is so easy for a working-class woman to fall into the hands of these sharks.

Her husband is earning a small weekly wage, and the housekeeping allowance will scarcely meet their needs.

The children want boots and extra clothing, and she herself has "scarcely a rag to her back." Then she hears of Mrs. ——, who is always ready to oblige a friend with a loan.

When she consults Mrs. ——, the business seems simple. Only 2s. to pay a week in interest on each pound advanced, and pay back the principal as she can afford to do so.

☆ If the housewife agrees to the terms, she has bound a chain round her neck which will shackle her to misery.

Every private moneylender is, of course, breaking the law, and is subject to severe penalties on conviction for practising as a usurer without registration.

In law, no loan on which interest is charged made by an unregistered moneylender need be repaid. But victims are ignorant of the law, and suffer their persecution in silence, ensured by the lender's threats.

Limit of interest for a registered moneylender is 48 per cent., and he cannot sue for more than that amount of interest.

If a greater amount *has been paid*, then the borrower can sue for recovery.

Remedy against the unregistered moneylender—woman or man—is easy.

Police in all industrial districts should be instructed by the Home Office to wage a crusade of extermination.

For lending money on interest without a licence, the maximum penalty is a fine of £100. Three months' imprisonment can be added for a second offence.

The maximum should be imposed in all glaring cases, and there should always be imprisonment on second conviction.

These → are the Causes
Divorce and separation, slum life and shortage of good food
This → is the Cure
Placing bad boys and girls in a healthy environment where they are taught to be good citizens

Bleaching our Young BLACK SHEEP

Sir Samuel Hoare, the Home Secretary, is soon to inaugurate a nation-wide research into the causes of child crime. Here a "John Bull" Investigator discloses the futility of such a project. The evidence that is sought, he says, can be obtained from the new remand homes for children which have been opened in Britain during the past year. It was largely as a result of "John Bull" exposures that these new homes came into being.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE, the Home Secretary, has arranged to meet this week Professor A. M. Carr-Saunders, Director of the London School of Economics, whom the Government has chosen to direct an enquiry into the causes of juvenile crime.

The meeting will begin the biggest effort yet made to crystallise these causes into a course of action.

Professor Carr-Saunders will have the help of a large company of trained investigators. There will be no reasonable limit to the time and scope of their research.

Region by region, they will cover the whole country.

Schools, churches, youth organisations, police, probation officers, social workers of every type, doctors and psychologists will all be asked to contribute evidence.

Although he has not made any statement of the fact, it is known that Sir Samuel Hoare believes that by this method the origins of child crime will be revealed and that diminution of adult crime must inevitably follow.

I am sure, from what I have learned in the past few weeks, that Sir Samuel will soon find this comprehensive and far-flung investigation is needless.

Inspiring

All the necessary information can be acquired much more easily and accurately. It is waiting to be gathered in the juvenile remand homes of the country.

These homes are becoming the most important unit in a highly organised range of machinery designed to help towards good citizenship boys and girls whose moral progress has been retarded or deflected.

If the war on juvenile crime is ever to be won, the victory will be gained in these homes.

Less than a year ago they were for the most part foul establishments—often dark and cheerless rooms behind police-stations or dingy parts of workhouses—far more likely to breed resentment and the spirit of lawlessness.

Children were cooped up in them without warmth behind barred doors and windows for months. Often they had their meals in cellars, and usually their bed coverings were inadequate and in rags.

All that has been changed—largely as a result of JOHN BULL exposing the horrors of these places. Local authorities have been brought sharply to a sense of duty.

Now the only criticism is that the new homes being opened throughout the country are *too* homely—that the bad child from a working-class family is given comforts and advantages unknown to the normal boy and girl of the same class.

There can be no doubt about the truth of this statement. The answer given to it is that the apparent injustice is for the future general benefit of the community.

Each of the new remand homes I have visited since the beginning of this year has brought the conviction that it is the soundest link in the most inspiring and hopeful of all modern social enterprises.

But each has astonished me by its atmosphere of what must seem luxury to the children in it.

All of them, brought into existence in the past twelve months, must appear palace-like to the youngsters inside.

The dormitories are superior to those of the best public schools. Better diet could not be provided anywhere.

Most of the children see for the first time things strange to their ordinary home life—snowy table cloths, gleaming cutlery, bathrooms that would be envied even in upper-middle class houses.

Recreation rooms, workshops, domestic training facilities, playing fields and gymnasia are all finely equipped.

Strangest fact of all is that, however black his or her record of crime or mischief, no child ever attempts to disfigure or destroy anything in the new surroundings.

Not a mark is made on the walls. Nothing is stolen—except baths.

Officially, the children are allowed the use of the bathrooms every second night. They steal baths on intervening nights; but authority is blind to this robbery of soap and hot water.

And what a change in the personnel of the homes since a year ago!

Until then they were mostly supervised by retired policemen and their wives, who seemed to regard the children as so many criminals whose sins denied them any right to a chance in life.

Men and women now appointed to the control of the homes are invariably of a type who win immediate confidence—and the Home Office and local authorities find they have no difficulty at all in obtaining them.

Inspired by Whitehall, their policy is to treat all children brought to them as if they were wholly normal—indeed, as if they were their own sons and daughters.

So far has this policy been carried that it is an offence, punishable by dismissal, for a teacher or instructor to attempt to ascertain from a child or otherwise why he is there, or the nature of the offence of which he has been guilty.

Doctors have told the Home Secretary that one of the causes of juvenile delinquency is that children overhear school teachers and inspecting officials describe them as abnormal, or deficient in some way.

From that moment they acquire a "complex" which, the medical experts say, becomes the initial urge to flout the law.

Doctors' Part

Greatest of all reforms instituted by these new homes is their complete medical service.

Not ordinary practitioners, but men and women doctors who are experts in psychology are chosen for this special work.

Many are giving up private practice worth thousands a year for this cause.

Testimony I have collected from these experts is sufficient to demonstrate the futility of Sir Samuel Hoare's projected nation-wide enquiry.

Medical observers in remand homes do not deal with selected cases. They see juvenile crime and its consequences at first hand, and in the mass.

All to whom I have spoken are convinced that every child is a different problem, and that there is no average criminally-minded child—except in statistics.

The Home Secretary and his expert research workers will ultimately discover there is no escape from these simple facts, and that any attempt to lay bare general causes of juvenile crime is so much waste of energy. *They are already known.*

Significant

One lesson which emerges more distinctly than any other from my visits to the modern remand homes is that the biggest single factor in child delinquency is the broken home.

Examination of children under detention always reveals that more than one half have not had a normal home life.

Take any hundred children brought in from the juvenile courts. Thirty-six have lost one parent by death or desertion, six have lost both parents, twelve are illegitimate, and five have parents who both go to work.

The most incorrigible cases are usually those whose mothers are wage-earners because the father is out of work.

Boys and girls from such homes, I have observed, are often without sense of guilt.

To them "scrounging" and "winning" other people's property, as they call theft, has no moral meaning.

Only one other fact can be recorded statistically. It is that about 60 per cent. of the children who reach remand homes are undernourished.

There is extra significance in this when one realises that the ill-fed

The boys you see above have all passed through the juvenile courts. Their once idle hands have been turned from mischief to mechanics. On the right are girls and boys who are also in institutions after conflict with the law. They now find play-acting more thrilling than thinking out new escapades

child forms only one per cent. of the total elementary school population.

Neither Sir Samuel Hoare nor Professor Carr-Saunders need go far to confirm these truths.

Then they will find themselves confronted by the problem of the separate individualities of young criminals.

No more astonishing discovery can be made in the remand homes than that many of the children ought not to be there.

Large numbers are waiting for vacancies in institutional schools and training centres where the courts have ordered them to be sent.

After a brief period in a remand home they are fit to be returned to their own homes.

By proper handling they have been taught that there is no real cleverness in the offences they have committed, and that crime does not pay.

Conceit in their offences is knocked out of them, not by punitive methods, but by persuading them to laugh at themselves and their foolishness.

Unfortunately, even in the most successful of these cases, the sentence of the court stands. The children must be passed on for years of detention in a larger institution of one kind or another.

In case after case passing through the remand homes it is found that the child has been lawless for no other reason than that it has a sense of inferiority or social uselessness, which could have been corrected long before.

In the files of his Department, the Home Secretary can find innumerable examples of this. Here is a typical one:

A girl in custody had lost an eye. "I am different from other girls. I am funny-looking. I am no use in the world."

Often she had said such things when in trouble with the police. But no attention was paid.

Then, after being arrested on a serious charge and ordered to be placed in an institution, a doctor instructed she should be provided with an artificial eye.

"A beautiful blue eye," she calls it.

From that moment the girl's whole outlook changed and her conduct became normal.

It might well be asked in this and other cases why young people should be allowed to become social problems to be sent to institutions at the expense of the ratepayers—the average cost of maintaining a child in a remand home is £1 17s. a week.

Horror "Homes"

Truth is that remand homes and establishments of that kind could be half-emptied if other methods were tried earlier, particularly by giving children a change of environment in foster-homes.

Specially disturbing to anyone who can get behind the scenes in the new remand homes is the number of children, particularly girls, who begin careers of crime after spending periods in privately-owned institutions maintained by public subscriptions. The Home Office is well aware of this. It has abundant proof that in some so-called voluntary institutions, complete seclusion is enforced on adolescent girls.

Although they may get plenty of religious exercise, there is little other training beyond that given in machine laundries, where inmates are no more than drudges.

In one case, already made known to Sir Samuel Hoare, girls were imprisoned in cubicles which they could not leave during the night.

Each was locked in by means of a large wheel operating a system of bars and locks, and could only be released in the morning.

An outbreak of fire in such an institution would mean that every girl would be suffocated or burned to death.

Evidence has also been obtained by the Home Office regarding the feeding of children in "private" institutions.

One matron believed that a vitamin was some kind of medicine, and another dealt with the children for being "saucy" because they disliked milk-puddings, made mostly with hot water.

I have had the opportunity in recent weeks not only to question hundreds of children in the new remand homes, but to study details concerning them compiled from their individual case papers.

While doing so, I looked for proof of some popular opinions regarding the influences responsible for juvenile crime.

The cinema? Not at all.

Percentage of cases in which there is even a suspicion that the downfall of boys can be attributed to the influence of the cinema is so negligible that weekly film entertainment has become part of the curriculum of the remand homes.

If any ill-effects are caused by the cinema, they are among girls in a state of emotional, adolescent disturbance.

Temptations

Even that is assumption. Remand-home psychologists have probed the possibility to the utmost, but still they cannot accept it.

And juvenile unemployment appears to have still less consequence than the cinema in producing young criminals—although it has been the fashion for voluntary social workers to claim it is a principal contributory cause.

One big factor which I encountered at every turn in my enquiries was the public gambling saloon.

Children who steal to get money to spend at the pin-tables and on other legal gambling devices in these establishments are increasing in numbers every week.

Multiple stores, with their open display of goods, are easily the second greatest source of temptation to theft.

Another distinctive item manifest in the records is that six out of every ten boys arrested for theft and breaking and entering have been neglected in their homes.

Of the other four, two are revealed to be among the youngest members of families, and to have been pampered and "spoiled."

Another extraordinary fact stood out in my contact with the remand-homes population—the "nicest" boys, the healthiest-looking and best-mannered, are the most clever criminals.

Strange, too, that the best material for reform is nearly always the boy who has been the leader of a gang of young crooks.

His intelligence makes him respond quickly to sensible teaching, and almost invariably he begins to shape well as a possible leader in better activities.

Root Cause

Despite the expenditure on reorganisation and equipment, I saw clearly that the remand homes are still far from being used for their proper purposes.

Too often they are employed merely for the accommodation of children whom the juvenile courts have ordered to be sent to larger and different institutions.

First and foremost, they should be centres at which erring children can be "diagnosed" and observed before the courts decide their fate.

It has been a cry for some time that child criminals are the failures of the educational system.

Twelve months of the new remand homes system of supervision and investigation under ideal conditions gives the lie to such statements.

The downfall of the boys and girls sent to them is almost wholly due to the unsatisfactory social conditions existing in the great industrial areas from which the children in the homes are mainly gathered.

The Intruder

A Short Story

True love is blind, they say, but when a clever young actress plays the role of a grandmother in private life you can expect complications and thrills

By Frank Swinnerton

As they struggled violently Lettice sought in vain to get the hold which would disable him, and, both panting, they stared into each other's eyes

SHORTLY before eleven o'clock at night, Shaftesbury Avenue, London's theatreland, was ablaze with the names of plays and stars.

A quarter of an hour later, when the theatres had emptied, every name had disappeared; and the Rose, where "Love at Home" had been performed, was outwardly as black and silent as its neighbours.

But the actors and actresses on whom the curtain had fallen were still in their dressing-rooms.

One of them, Lettice Moon, who had played the part of a lively Cockney girl with no more than two or three lines to speak, was tremendously busy before her long mirror.

Nobody would have recognised her either as Lettice Moon or as the Cockney girl.

She had aged startlingly in ten minutes; for she was going to a great Albert Hall Revel in the character of a very old charwoman, and her make-up was extraordinarily good.

Twenty-three, slim and slight, and brilliantly fair, Lettice looked, in her costume, a shrunken sixty.

Perched high upon wiry grey hair was a black bonnet ornamented with jet beads. Her face had become long and sallow. Her eyebrows were as dark as night, and her nose a straight bone.

"Lovely, Miss Moon!" cried Mills, her dresser. "Marvellous! But you musn't laugh, miss. Only a little smile. Gives you away!"

"I'll remember, Mills," said the charwoman, composing her expression.

With bent shoulders, and a slow step, she moved across the room. Her wide skirt flowed out behind like an empty sack upon a greengrocer's cart.

Mills, quite deceived by Lettice's acting, was saddened.

"Oh, *miss*!" she faltered. "You *do* look miserable!"

In a flash, Lettice *was* miserable. She had a private reason for being miserable.

"That reminds me." She caught up a shabby leather handbag. "Hasn't there been a letter, Mills? Are you *sure*?"

"No, Miss Moon. Nothing from Mr. Mackintosh. I'd have told you. Some flowers from Mr. Howard."

"No." Lettice disliked Mr. Howard. And she was miserable, because there had been no letter.

Her spirits, high a moment ago, sank heavily. She looked at least eighty.

Three minutes later, an old charwoman climbed panting into a taxi.

"Righto, gran'ma," answered the taxi-driver, when she quaveringly asked him to take her to the Hotel Caprice. "Buckingham Palace, if yer like."

No letter, no letter, said the taxi-engine. No letter, no letter, no letter!

It didn't matter that they had quarrelled. Harry *ought* to have written. They had quarrelled before, hadn't they?

Now she was anxious. She knew he had been hoarse. She knew that, playing a long part in a long play on tour, he had been afraid he might lose his voice.

And in Birmingham he was far enough away from her to be at the mercy of illness.

To be at the mercy of another woman! Horrible!

Lettice almost heard her heart thud upon the taxi floor. Could the letter be at home?

Just as the Picadilly Circus traffic light showed green, she dragged open the driver's sliding window.

"Don't go to the Caprice, please. Take me, instead, to 5, Wrath Street, off Baker Street," she cried, in her own young, clear voice. "I've forgotten something."

★ ★ ★

She could see the driver jump, stare round at her, and scratch his head; but he obeyed, and swept in fine style across the Circus.

As soon as they reached Wrath Street, where she lived alone in a little flat above a dingy stationers' shop which had been long closed for the night, she paid the staring, baffled driver, and dismissed him.

There was nothing in the letter-box except some fluff. She fumbled vainly in the darkness.

Then it struck her that she could see a glimmer of light upstairs. That was odd! Who was there? Mrs. Prince, her charwoman, always came round late in the evening to make up the fire and open the bed; but Mrs. Prince must have gone long ago.

She listened breathlessly.

Nothing happened. All was still. Only that little glimmer continued. And as fear, conquered, lost its power over her limbs, Lettice was up the dark, well-carpeted stairs, like a kitten.

Yes, there was a light! It came from under the kitchen door.

There was a noise! A faint, hoarse voice, like the sound of far away drunken singing.

In a panic, she ran tiptoe to her bedroom, closed and locked the door, and switched on the main light.

The wardrobe door was wide open, the top drawer of the dressing-table had been pulled out as far as it would come, the telephone had been bodily removed from the wall, and a big, greasy, green carpet-bag stood, half-concealed, under the foot of the bed.

Courage and clear thought quickly returned. She darted to her dressing-table. The jumbled top drawer suggested that somebody had hunted for jewels; but she had no time to discover what had been taken.

★ ★ ★

What she sought was in the second drawer, just below. It was a dummy revolver, used long ago in some drawing-room theatricals, and preserved.

Then, with clenched teeth, holding the revolver firmly in her right hand, she crept back along the passage.

Slowly and silently, she opened the kitchen door. There, seated in Mrs. Prince's grandfather chair, with his back to her, wearing a bowler hat, his feet up on the fender before a glowing fire, was a middle-aged whiskery stranger.

His clothes were shabby, his voice was rusty and maudlin, and as he held aloft a mug of beer he croaked to himself:

"Eng-land expects
Eng-land expects
This day sha-hall do hi-his dooty,
This day sha-hall do hi-his . . ."

At that point his voice cracked, and he took a swig at his mug.

"I'm not afraid!" thought Lettice. "Even if he *is* a burglar! He can't hurt me!" Aloud, she said, in the grandmotherly voice she was using that night:

"And what might *you* be a-doing in my kitching, young feller?"

The burglar gave a hoarse cry and a start. His eyes opened wide under their bushy brows and his jaw dropped.

"Ul-lo, Ma!" he exclaimed, as if he saw a ghost. He had an instant's struggle with his breath before adding: "Who are you?"

"I asked *you* a question," cried Lettice, grimly. "What are you a-doing in my kitching?"

"I'm the brokers' man," answered he.

"You're not. I don't owe anythink."

It took him a moment to think of a retort to this:

"No, but your missis does."

"Ho, no, she don't. I know she don't."

"Ho, yus, she does!" The burglar began to fumble in his pockets. "I got a paper here."

"Rubbish!" declared Lettice. "You're a thief. That's what you are!"

"I showed it to the other lady," said the man, still fumbling. "Now, where

(*Continued on page 38*)

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★ *do eyes always tell you when they're going wrong?* p.8

★ *do you see with your eye or with your brain?* p.6

★ *what is the difference between the lens of your eye and of a camera?* p.5

★ *how much of all you know is told you by your eyes?* p.11

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LOOK at the critical way in which Marie examines herself in her mirror. Just like a grown-up—in true feminine style! She hasn't begun to use make-up yet, of course—it's her *skin* she's thinking about. Her verdict? Thank you, Doctor Dafoe, that'll do beautifully!

It is to their famous doctor that the "Quins" owe their lovely schoolgirl complexions! For he wisely chose an *olive oil* soap to follow up the "Quins'" early baths in *pure* soothing olive oil—the only thing in the world that was gentle enough for their tender delicate skins. And as the "Quins" have grown older, they've grown lovelier—thanks to the cleansing, beautifying powers of olive oil—in Palmolive!

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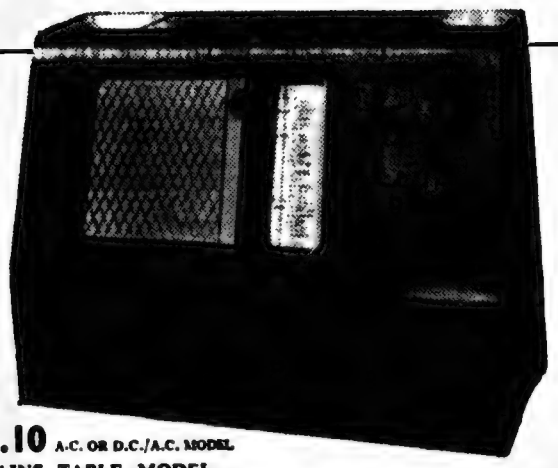
quite a number of us took a delight in building "home made" wireless sets. To-day most people have given up the idea in despair. Crystal sets were pretty simple to make—early valve sets were not so bad—but nowadays with double-diode-triodes, delayed action automatic volume control and a few other high sounding technicalities, most ordinary folk have fallen by the wayside and decided that wireless sets are best made by the people who know how. The snag, of course, is that the less you know about wireless yourself the more you have got to trust the manufacturer.

And now you're expecting me to say "trust us"—aren't you? Well, I *do* say trust us and if you do you will find it has not been misplaced.

E. J. POWER,
Managing Director.



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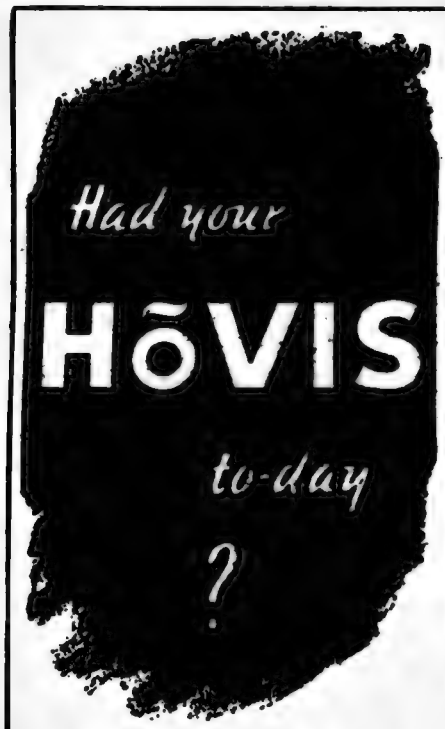

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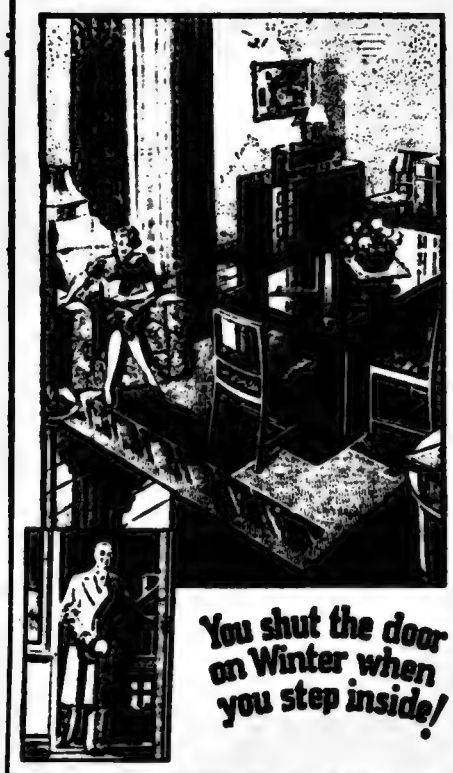

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Human Documents by Philip Inman

5 Husbands = 5 Problems

← *When a man marries*
His troubles begin →
(Old adage)

"WHEN a man marries," says the old tag, "his troubles begin." Here are some men who, unfortunately, have found that to be too true. One writes:

My wife and I were happily married for two years when, six months ago, a baby girl arrived.

Since her coming things have completely changed. The whole house must be given up to baby. Meal-times are upset, and my wife is often irritable and cross.

What is more, she does not seem to need my company and says frankly that my conversation bores her.

I thought the coming of the child would bring happiness, but I was mistaken. Though my wife is, I realise, a devoted mother, I feel an outcast and so lonely.

I love the child, too, but I can see that she is coming between us. Can anything be done before the gulf between us widens too much for it to be bridged?

NOW, I always try to make allowances. Motherhood is a novelty and responsibility to this girl.

Until she becomes used to having the baby in the house she probably feels that it must be given first consideration.

Let me warn her that if she is not very careful she will head for domestic shipwreck. It is not right that my correspondent should be neglected. And it is wrong that his wife should tell him his conversation bores her.

My advice to this man is to have a frank talk with his wife and remind her that he wants to share her joy in the companionship and bringing-up of their child.

Upon his happiness and peace of mind depends the future of her home and baby. If she is wise she will see this, and her husband will once more have his rightful place in her life.

Another young husband writes:

My wife and mother find it difficult to be friendly for any length of time.

They seem to get along fairly happily when they are alone, yet the trouble seems to start as soon as I join them.

Naturally, I wish to visit my mother—she lives by herself—but I cannot go without my wife, as she imagines we are discussing her.

I would like your advice on the following questions:

Should I go to see my mother alone? Or should I just write to her occasionally? Or should I take my wife with me and risk any unpleasantness?

BOTH these women feel my correspondent belongs to them, and they are reluctant to share him.

What ought he to do?

I hope it will not come to his writing an occasional letter to his mother.

That is a poor relationship between mother and son.

I hope, too, that he will not go to see her without his wife. That would only cause trouble in his own home.

He should have a straight talk with them both, and that way the air may be cleared. Constant bickering, he must point out, can only menace the happiness which they both desire for him.

Then, instead of always staying at home, I suggest he plans some little entertainment now and again in which they may share.

My next correspondent is in a similar quandary. He says:

Although still in the twenties, I am a twice-married man.

My first wife died when our baby was born and my mother, who was a widow and living in rooms, came to live with us.

After three years I married again, much to my mother's dislike. Since then the home has been far from happy.

Mother has continually made comparisons between my first wife and my present one, much to the latter's discredit.

To ease matters—for my wife is herself expecting a baby—I agreed to her staying for the time being with her parents.

My in-laws are now trying to drive a wedge between us, and are making things very unpleasant.

This young couple would no doubt be happy if it were not for outside interference.

First, this man must make up his mind that all trouble-makers shall be excluded.

As his mother cannot agree with his wife, she must go back into rooms and that should remove any possible objections on the part of his in-laws.

With his wife back at home, happiness should be theirs again.

AND now here is a man who is obviously bitter. He asks:-

Was it Socrates who looked for an honest man? I think he should have looked for an honest woman—and with a battery of lamps.

I have discovered that during the last three years my wife has been unfaithful to me, and has been carrying on with a man whom I regarded as a friend.

A letter was sent to me calling me a fool for not seeing it all. But I had implicit faith in her, and never thought for a moment she'd do anything wrong.

Now, though she has told me there has never been anything out of place between them, I cannot accept her word.

She is staying with people for a month to think things over, and I am paying her £1 a week for the time being, but do not know whether to keep her from entering this house again. We have three children.

Is this husband absolutely sure of his wife's infidelity? He must be very careful on that point, especially as she denies his accusation. If there is any doubt he should give her the benefit of it.

But, if his proof is incontrovertible, then the only question is whether he should take her back. He, and he alone, can reach a decision on such a matter.

But he should weigh up these factors. Though he may feel that he can never take her back again as a wife, his family, who are growing up, need a woman's care.

By allowing her to come back to look after them and the home she may prove her repentance, his wound may heal and bitterness disappear.

If, when that time comes, he feels able to forgive her, their old relationship can be resumed.

A NAGGING wife has sent many a man off the rails. Here is one who seems to be asking for trouble. Her husband writes:

I have been married two years and I have a charming wife and daughter.

Anxious as I am to do my best for them both, my wife's nagging will one day part us.

I can scarcely speak to her without she flares into a temper.

I would rather anything happen than that our home should be broken up, but I know I cannot stand this kind of thing much longer.

How can this tragedy be avoided? I wonder if the parents of his wife are still alive, or, if not, whether she has other relations?

One of her own folk should point out to her how unfairly she is acting. Failing that, the husband must do so himself.

He must tell her he will not tolerate such treatment. He works hard to make their home happy, and she must also do her share by curbing her temper and nagging.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

"The Greatest of These"

Joan Mary

JOAN MARY, three years old on the first of this month, comes of a tragic family.

Her ex-Service father went all through the war, was in the retreat from Mons, was three times wounded and buried alive.

No wonder he suffered from nerves and for a time lost his reason.

Last September, after being out of work, he got a job, but three days later fell off a ladder and was killed.

His widow received no compensation, as the fall was due to his nerve giving way, and his employers were not to blame.

She is left with seven children, the eldest thirteen and the youngest one year old. Another child is expected in April.

She has only the widow's pension of 33s. a week, out of which 14s. goes in rent.

And what of the children? One of the girls, aged nine, has had part of her right lung removed. She is under hospital supervision, and attends a special school.

Another, a seven-year-old, has been operated upon for double mastoid. One of her legs has been in splints for four years, and she must wear a special boot, as the leg is shorter than the other. Her eyes, too, are bad, and she needs glasses.

So worried is Joan Mary's mother that she has not had a proper night's sleep since her husband's death.

Donations earmarked "Joan Mary," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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Said, "We can't live on butter & bread,"
So, with a Recipe Book,
She started to cook

SOME RHYMES : *Bed, abed, behead, bled, dead, dread, fed, fled, head, instead, lead, led, mislead, read, red, said, shed, sped, spread, stead.*

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The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

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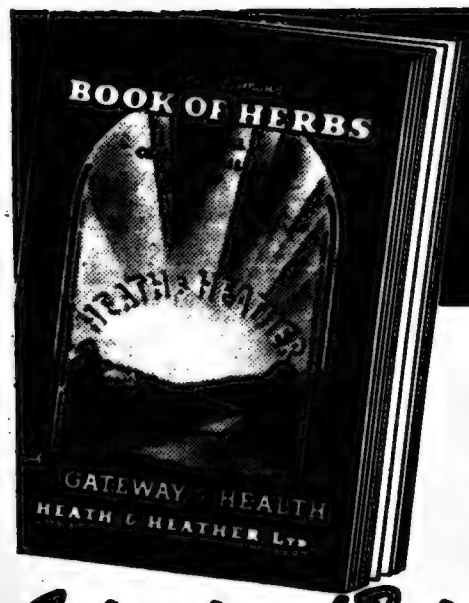

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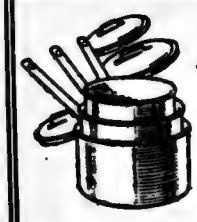
She always drinks Fry's . . .

because Fry's is cheering and strengthening and keeps her going through her busiest day

and because Fry's is a particularly light digestive cocoa—and she finds the chocolate flavour grand.



Just one of the many FREE GIFTS

● COUPONS IN EVERY TIN

C.101.4338

★ I CONFESS! *by a convicted share-pusher* ★

"My cheque did not arrive . . . ."

Parson 'helps' me to dupe a town

Continuing a dramatic exposure of the share-pushing racket by its one-time master-mind, whom "John Bull" helped to bring to justice and imprisonment

by John Marsden Firth

IN the first instalment of my confessions I dealt with my entering into control of the Kensington Trust.

You must realise that this company was more or less a fake concern from its inception It was a company limited by guarantee.

Seven guarantors had each agreed to subscribe one shilling in the event of the company going into liquidation.

There was not a halfpenny of capital in the company. By arrangement the Trust had taken over the liabilities of an older company, and the creditors of this other company were among the people I had to keep sweet.

I managed this by various devices and induced them to entrust me with additional money for investment.

We were pretending through the Trust to be carrying on operations in commodity pools and other speculations.

Needless to say, I was doing nothing of the kind. I made no investments. As fresh money came in answer to each of my new offers to clients I would pay out dividends on the supposed past operations

Really a kind of snowball collection business. And as long as the money continued to come in I was all right.

Believe me, it did come along—in a steady, flowing tide—until the ramifications of my dishonest business became nation-wide.

In various parts of the country I appointed agents, who received 2½ per cent. commission on all money subscribed by new clients.

These agents, I must make clear, were entirely innocent of any fraud. They believed in the Kensington Trust, and they believed in me.

★ ★ ★

One of them was a Nonconformist minister in a West-country town. He was a most active assistant, and would attend the weekly market and note the names of farmers selling stock.

Then he would telephone me with a list of men who, as a result of the market sales, would have money in the bank.

Next morning these men would receive by post one of my alluring circulars, and usually I touched for something.

Later, the minister would come on the telephone again to know how much he was going to draw in commission and when the cheque would reach him.

Once this minister suggested that I should visit his town and address a meeting on finance and investments. He could, he said, make the arrangements and gather a receptive audience.

I told him to go ahead with the scheme.

Soon I was told that a room had been engaged at an hotel for the meeting on the following Tuesday afternoon, and that a good attendance was certain.

Now I must explain that the Kensington Trust had grown to such proportions that I needed a large staff. As well as a manager, there were six men and seventeen women clerks, and a commissionaire in new premises off Upper Thames Street, London.

★ ★ ★

It was a well-organised and well-run office.

On the Monday before I was due to leave for the West-country I ordered a thorough examination of the books to make sure that every dividend cheque due to clients in that district was sent off by post.

Also, I arranged for frequent telegrams and telephone calls to come to me at the hotel. The idea was to create the impression that I was a financial magnate, constantly faced by important decisions.

For the journey I used my chauffeur-driven yellow Rolls-Royce and took my manager with me.

On my arrival at the hotel I was met by my minister-agent, smiling and affable.

A page-boy immediately handed me a bunch of telegrams. Scanning them quickly—there was nothing of moment in any of the messages—I dictated replies to my manager.

It was market day in the town, and the audience assembled to hear my address was mainly of country people. Some looked prosperous, which pleased me immensely.

Acting as chairman, the minister made a brief introductory speech, referring in the highest terms to myself and my business.

My turn came, and as I rose to deliver my carefully prepared address I was at once interrupted by a farmer.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I am a client of the Kensington Trust. I should have received a cheque this morning, and it did not arrive. Can you please explain?"

This was a shock, in view of the precautions I had taken.

"I am very sorry about that," I replied to the questioner; "but you can take it from me your cheque is on the way.

"I am so sure of it that I am prepared to stake a hundred guineas on the fact.

"If you do not receive your cheque to-day I will give a hundred guineas to the local hospital."

★ ★ ★

My talk which followed was nothing more nor less than a boost for the Kensington Trust and the methods of our business which enabled us to pay higher rates of interest than were obtainable by investing in less go-ahead concerns.

Questions followed. One or two of the more knowledgeable people present wanted more details about how our capital was invested.

To them I replied evasively, saying that to answer such questions fully would give away carefully-guarded secrets.

"But," I added, "it is largely a question of information. We are in the know. We pay for the 'stable secrets' of the Stock Exchange and commodity markets, and we get in first."

At this point, the man who had complained about the non-arrival of his cheque stood up again. This time he was smiling.

"It's all right, governor," he said. "You have saved your hundred guineas. My daughter has just brought your letter and cheque. It arrived after I left home."

Could anything have been more fortunate? I had convinced most of my audience that there was no surer way of making money than by investing in the Kensington Trust. But there was one group in the room which showed no enthusiasm.

The incident of the cheque won over that group. One man who had been rather critical in his questions proposed a vote of thanks to me for my "entertaining, informative and practical address."

As a result of my visit to the West Country, my banking account was increased by £11,000. I took several orders on the spot. Others arrived by post within a few days.

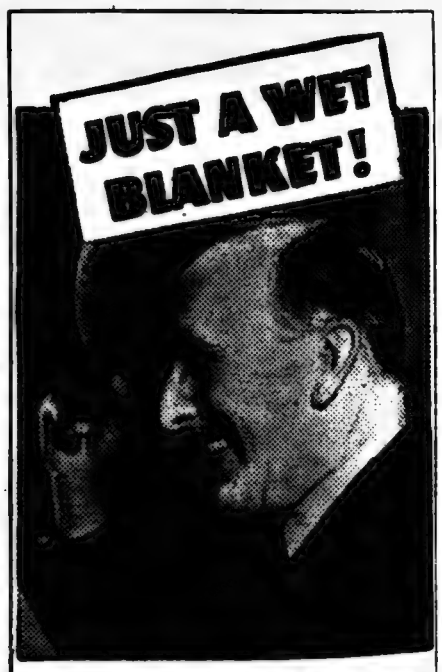
My minister-agent was also pleased. He drew his commission in quick time—a wily old bird, that Nonconformist minister.

(*Continued on page 32*)

There is no guess-work with "Camp." It's as easy to make twelve cups of coffee as one. And what delicious coffee! Rich, strong and brimful of flavour—made in the cup and ready in no time. You just add a teaspoonful of "Camp" to each cup of hot milk and water and it's instantly ready. No "making," no worry, no waste.

'CAMP' Coffee

For Strength and Flavour



Grouchy, heavy-eyed and listless he was a misery to himself and everyone around him. But Beechams Pills have cleared his system of clogging wastes and poisons, invigorated him with new energy and vitality. Take Beechams Pills yourself! They are safe, certain and non-habit forming. Get a box to-day. *Sold Everywhere.*

NOW HE'S A PLEASURE TO MEET.
after taking
BEECHAM'S PILLS
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

What is in those drops of Phosferine *that gives them such rejuvenating power?*

Also in tablet form. There is no difference, except in form, between liquid and tablet Phosferine. The tonic contents are the same.

There is no secret about it—on every carton and bottle of PHOSFERINE—the medicinal ingredients of this wonderful tonic are detailed, and any doctor will tell you that the medicinal value of each and all is beyond question.

Several of these ingredients are often prescribed separately for various states of nervous debility. It is their carefully-proportioned *combination* which gives PHOSFERINE its remarkable efficacy in ordinary cases of nerve disorder.

Whenever you are conscious of strain—whether from work, or worry, or from your social obligations—take to PHOSFERINE at once. By so doing, you will not only find yourself once more fit to "stay the pace" but you will ward off that still worse state which neglected nerve-strain inevitably brings about.

Sleeplessness, nervous indigestion, 'nerviness', irritability, neuralgia, headaches and what is commonly called "that tired feeling"—these are all warnings that your nerves are over-strained and need *regenerating with* PHOSFERINE. In these days of rush and struggle you are a very lucky person if you do not actually need PHOSFERINE NOW.

Every Chemist sells it — and most of them recommend it.

PHOSFERINE
BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

FOR ALL DISORDERS CAUSED BY EXHAUSTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size; you save almost 2/-.

(A 6d. trial size of PHOSFERINE TABLETS is now obtainable—*Not available in Eire*)

WARNING: THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

C.F.H.

LUXURY MARMALADE COSTS LESS!

Good news for everyone who likes good marmalade for breakfast! Here is marmalade at its glorious best—fresh, juicy Seville orange marmalade—and it's *down* in price while everything else is up! No need to think twice about buying the best, where the family's marmalade is concerned! They can still have what they'd hate to give up for a single morning—real, honest-to-goodness marmalade with the Seville tang that makes for healthy appetites!

HERE'S AN OPEN SECRET!

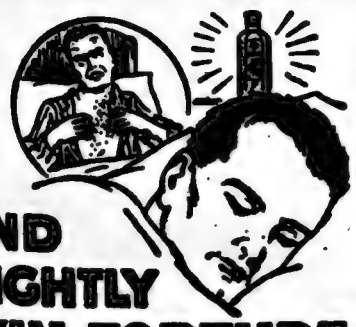
There's nothing complicated about the recipe for Hartley's Marmalade: Seville oranges and fine white sugar—nothing else. In point of fact there are only three things needed to make a luxury marmalade like this: real Seville oranges—white sugar—and knowing how to make perfect marmalade. *As Hartley's have known for the past 60 years!*

HARTLEY'S MARMALADE
Still Down in Price

6½D PER LB. 2 lbs. 1/-

QUALITY GUARANTEED UNCHANGED

ONLY 2 INGREDIENTS —*real Seville oranges and fine white sugar.*



END NIGHTLY SKIN TORTURE

A few drops of D.D.D. Prescription stop the maddening itch of Eczema almost as instantly as switching off the electric light. But far better, D.D.D. Prescription rapidly and totally heals the disease by eradicating the germs and poisons which cause the eruption. Get a bottle of this amazing liquid healer from your Chemist and sleep in peace tonight!

D.D.D. Brand Prescription is splendid also for Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Impetigo, Ulcers, Pimples, Boils, and any form of skin trouble. *Of all Chemists, price 1/3 a bottle.*

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

A trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription will be sent free on application to the D.D.D. Laboratories, (Dept. 12.K.12.) Floral Lane, London, S.E.5.

D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

GREY HAIR Makes you look old

Decide now to restore your Grey Hair to its original colour. It can be done gradually and surely with Morgan's Pomade—world-famous hair colour restorative—famous for half a century. NOT A DYE. Massage into hair roots. Strengthens and beautifies hair growth. Rids scalp of choking dandruff.

An Ipswich man writes:—

"I have used Morgan's Pomade for treating grey hair to conform to its original colour, and result has been remarkable. My hair was almost white, but before I had finished the first 1/9 jar it was dark brown. It is helpful too in strengthening the growth."

1/9 and 2/3 per jar. (Post 3d. and 4d. extra—Foreign 1/1 and 1/7 respectively.) At Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores or direct.

MARIE ANTOINETTE CO. LTD., 1-7 Grenville Road, Upper Holloway, N. 19

Marie Antoinette Shampoo cleanses, strengthens and beautifies the hair and removes dandruff. 3d. per packet or 1/6 per box of 7 packets.

MORGAN'S POMADE

APPENDICITIS!
CONSTIPATION SUFFERERS SPECIALLY LIABLE!

If you are constipated you are in grave danger of appendicitis; for this dangerous ailment is often the result of chronic constipation. Feen-a-mint is your best safeguard against all intestinal complaints. Feen-a-mint banishes the most stubborn constipation in a few hours and sweeps away all the waste matter which poisons the system, the cause of so many other complaints of which headaches, biliousness and sluggishness are but a few.

Feen-a-mint works thoroughly, but so naturally that it leaves no unpleasant after effects, none of the straining and griping of old-fashioned laxatives. Its fresh mint flavour makes it a family favourite. Get a packet from your chemist *to-day*—or send your name and address on a postcard for a free sample to White's Laboratories Ltd., (Dept. G2.), 15, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

Trust Snowfire Tablet to keep roughness from busy hands

3d. Family Size 7½d.

Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.

A MILLION MEN AND INFLUENZA

Do you know that it would take eight days for a million men to march by a certain point, walking four abreast? But it only takes a few minutes for a million Influenza germs to multiply in your system. Those germs can only get into your system through your nose and mouth. You can protect yourself against infection by keeping your throat germ-free with Milton. Milton is the greatest germicide known to science. It dissolves bacteria-laden mucus and cleans out every corner and crevice of the throat, without harming the sensitive membranes.

When Influenza is about you cannot help coming into contact with the germs. In buses, crowded trains, cinemas, everywhere you go. So protect yourself before the germs attack you. Gargle every night with Milton—half teaspoonful to a tumbler of tepid or warm water. You'll find that it not only keeps Influenza at bay, but will clear away your ordinary cold—so often the prelude to 'flu.

Read what the Rev. S. F. says about Milton:

"I was introduced to Milton some time last summer by a small bottle given to me by a friend. I was advised to use it as a daily gargle because I was then coming in frequent contact with influenza patients in the course of my visiting. I formed the habit and have kept it ever since. In my case, the result has been marvellous. During the past winter I have not had a single cold in the head, nor a bad throat. I don't remember passing through a whole winter before without the usual distressing colds."

Milton only costs sixpence a bottle and there are 100 uses for it. Marvellous for cuts and abrasions. It will keep wounds healthy and help them to heal quickly. Get a bottle to-day and keep it handy for emergencies.

STOMACH TROUBLES BANISHED

QUICKLY—SURELY—NATURALLY

Are you subject to attacks of indigestion, flatulence, acidity? Do you dread the after-effects of even the lightest meals? If so, your stomach is at fault. Why not restore, at once, its strength and tone? Nature will help you to do so—Nature in the form of Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. This old-time remedy is made of herbs, roots and barks, and nothing better has been discovered for restoring the digestive organs to healthy activity. Take Mother Seigels daily after meals, and food will no longer distress but nourish you. You will enjoy your meals and know the blessing of good digestion and good health. 1/3 and 3/- at Chemists everywhere.

MEGGEZONES

PASTILLES FOR ALL THROAT AFFECTIONS

Smash that cold now. Meggezones' antiseptic vapour clears nose, throat and lungs: improves and stimulates the voice. Prescription endorsed by the Medical Profession. In handy vest-pocket tins.

Sold by Qualified Chemists only.

Famous for 140 years

13

FREE You can obtain a free sample of Meggezones by sending your name and address on a post card to J.B.1., Meggezon & Co., Ltd., Llewellyn St., London, S.E.16.

Every woman's Mr. 'X'

My Favourite Hero

Here is a new choice in heroes—Sherlock Holmes, the superman who laughed at love

by Pamela Hansford Johnson

Sherlock Holmes as portrayed by Arthur Wontner in the case of "The Sleeping Cardinal"

IMAGINE a November night in late Victorian London. Baker Street is so full of fog that the gas-lamps are faint glimmers, and it is just possible to see the tall buildings that loom up on either side.

A doctor's brougham draws up to the kerb and a stocky, rather undistinguished-looking man alights.

He rings the bell of one of the houses, and Mrs. Hudson, the landlady, lets him into a bright hallway, pervaded by the cheerful smell of cooking.

The doctor, whose name is Watson, asks if Mr. Holmes is in, and is shown upstairs to the quarters of his old friend, the most famous detective of all time, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, "the busybody, the Scotland Yard jack-in-office," as he is called by those who fear him.

When Sir Arthur Conan Doyle created his most beloved character, whose doings have been followed with breathless interest by readers throughout the world, he never dreamed that his creation would become almost a legend.

Many an American visiting this country asks to be shown the house where the great detective lived. Many a letter, pleading for help, has arrived at the G.P.O., who have been puzzled how to forward it to the addressee—Sherlock Holmes, Esq.

★ ★ ★

And how does Watson find his friend on this foggy, dank evening, when all manner of criminals walk abroad?

The room is lit by the blaze of a banked-up fire. In an armchair before the hearth, stretching out his long, delicate hands to the flames, is Holmes himself.

Although his features are striking, it is his eyes, brilliant and restless, that catch and hold the attention.

As he listens to a client's problem he allows the lids to fall over them, as if he is sleeping.

Holmes' clients range from kings to gasfitters. It was during that affair connected with the King of Bohemia that, he first took an interest in a woman.

The king had compromised himself with Irene Adler, an actress, and wanted to get back a rather indiscreet photograph in her possession.

Irene managed to outwit Holmes—though he triumphed in the end—and for ever after he set her in his heart above all women.

Said Watson, "To Sherlock Holmes Irene is always *the* woman. I have seldom heard him mention her under any other name. In his eyes she eclipses and predominates the whole of her sex.

"It was not that he felt any emotion akin to love for Irene Adler. All emotions, and that one in particular, were abhorrent to his cold, precise, but admirably balanced mind.

"He was, I take it, the most perfect reasoning and observant machine that the world has seen; but, as a lover, he would have placed himself in a false position. He never spoke of the softer passions, save with a gibe and a sneer."

Well, then, I hear you say, what on earth is there in this cold, inhuman fellow that you should take him as a hero?

He is my hero because he represents the unknown quality, the "X" in man.

Sherlock would have been a fascinating problem to any woman strong enough to tackle him. Over a weak wife he would have had the whip-hand in less than no time.

A wife who fought for her independence, demanded the right to go out and work just as her husband did, would never have been sneered at by Sherlock.

It was the "little woman" type, gentle, complaisant, who said "yes" whenever her husband opened his mouth that he could not stand.

He was not without tenderness of a sort, and on two occasions amazed Watson by a sudden and bewildering show of sentiment. This was when the doctor had endangered his life for his friend's sake

★ ★ ★

Although he snubbed Watson a great deal and was often satirical at his expense, Holmes' affection would blaze out with an unexpected force when his companion and chronicler was in trouble.

To wean him off the drug habit, to resist his tempers, his sarcasms, and finally to see him a whole man again, freed from his one dangerous vice, would have been a worth-while job for any woman.

I like a fight. I like the mysterious quality in human nature. Could any woman, I say, have a more exciting life than as Sherlock's wife, sharing his adventures, receiving his confidence, putting up with him on his bad days, laughing with him on his good ones? For his domestic life, had he had one, could never have sunk to a dull level. No lamb on Sunday, cold on Monday, hash on Tuesday, with him.

I can imagine the joy of sitting with Sherlock before the fire on one of those foggy nights, listening to his slow, methodical recounting of the day's adventures.

He would tell you how that morning a young engineer had come bursting in upon him, with his thumb severed at the root by a butcher's cleaver and fainting from loss of blood.

Step by step, he would lay bare the clues and deductions which had led him to the home of a mysterious Colonel Lysander Stark, who kept a hydraulic press designed for queer purposes.

Another case might be that of the young woman, hysterical, on the point of collapse, who had pleaded for his aid after her sister had staggered dying from an empty room, gasping out the words, "The Speckled Band!"

Sherlock would then explain how he laid that particular murder at the door of a certain Doctor Roylott, who kept a snake in a safe by his bedside.

Never a dull moment, even if Mrs. Holmes had to pay the penalty in nightmares.

Yes, Sherlock is certainly my hero.

STORMY NIGHT

AT this time of the year, when the weather is so uncertain and when an abnormal amount of rain has fallen in many parts of the country, there is always the danger of floods.

Far-seeing people think of these things. They have read how water can cause very considerable damage in the space of a few minutes, and those of them who are JOHN BULL readers have taken precautions to protect themselves against financial loss in such an emergency.

Here is just one instance taken from among many on our files.

A widow living with an only daughter came down to her sitting-room one morning after a stormy night to find the floor covered by several inches of water contaminated with mud and filth from drains.

Desperate efforts at last resulted in the water being ejected and the rooms restored to some semblance of order, but then it became painfully clear it would require a considerable sum to make good the harm done.

The widow was a regular reader of JOHN BULL, and was one of those who had had the foresight to register for the varied protection given under our Free Insurance Scheme, and, as she was entitled to do, wrote to us applying for benefit.

A cheque was sent to her immediately, from the proceeds of which that little home was restored to its former comfort.

Once more we remind you that JOHN BULL is the only newspaper in the world to safeguard its readers against Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness, as well as giving numerous Accident Benefits.

Have you protected yourself and those dear to you?

It is the work of a moment. Fill in the Coupons which you will find on page 2.

FEEL BETTER

If you'll drink at least once a day a glass of Sandeman Port you'll eat better, sleep better, work better. A wine of such superb quality as Sandeman cannot fail to do you good.

From 5/- per bottle

SANDEMAN PORT

ALL STRUNG-UP

Wrong again—it's a mandolin. It's to remind you that if you find it difficult to recognise even a mandolin on your radio, it's time you looked to your batteries, and invested in a Drydex.

Drydex

THE **Exide**
DRY BATTERY
FOR RADIO

'Still keeps going when the rest have stopped'

★ USE DRYDEX TORCH BATTERIES for a bright and lasting light. Your dealer has a wide and attractive range of Drydex Torches, Cycle Lamps and Gas Lighters.

From reputable dealers and Exide Service Stations. Exide Service Stations give service on every make of battery.

The Chloride Electrical Storage Co., Ltd., Clifton Junction, near Manchester. Also at London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow and Belfast.

FREE! An interesting little book, "The Only Pair of Eyes in the World," is offered free to readers who send a post card to the Optical Board of Publicity at the address in the advt. on page 22. Get this book NOW and learn the truth about your eyes.

Lybro OVERALLS

"The centenarians of the overall world. Lybro Overalls have a life two to three times that of the normal span of so-called cheaper overalls. So stick to Lybro.
IN CASE OF DIFFICULTY WRITE TO WORKWEAR LTD., LIVERPOOL.

• A *Smart* Suggestion—

BRYLCREEM

your hair, too!

In bottles and tubes 1/-

Large sized bottles 1/6, 1/9, 2/6.

There's no better way of avoiding dry scalp, dandruff and premature baldness. And there's no better way of keeping your hair sleek and well-groomed. BRYLCREEM contains no gum, soap, spirit or starch.

The County Perfumery Co., North Circular Road, West Twyford, N.W.10 royds

A GRAND TONIC

Restores Youthful VIGOUR

Regd. Trade Mark

Increase the Joy of Life...

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is a GRAND TONIC and PICK-ME-UP. It safely and surely restores VITALITY and VIGOUR to men and women of all ages and increases the JOY OF LIFE.

...PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast, absolutely free from drugs. It ensures perfect assimilation of food, purifies the system and is a splendid Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, NERVES, NEURITIS and BOILS.

...50 Tablets 1/3...

Family Size 3/- . . Vest Pocket Size 6d.

Perfectly Safe . . . . Not Habit-forming.

From all Chemists. Make no mistake — Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name and make sure you get the REAL THING . . .

Phillips
TONIC YEAST
is *LIFE ITSELF!*

After 2 Years' Baldness

"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."
H. A. WILD.

KOTALKO FOR HAIR GROWTH

If Bald, Going Bald, Losing Hair through Dandruff or any other cause, post or send copy of coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 8, Percy St., (S.J.B.), London, W.1. Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap with directions, for which I enclose 2d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

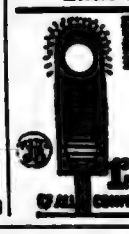
Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO
Cleanse and Soften Hair Fortified with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3s. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

Man Zan
Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1s3.



STOP!
HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR
NIPITS
1/- & 2/6
ALL CONFECTIONERS
VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES

Reader's Story by Mrs. Lyford

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 832 441, Mrs. Lyford, Old Langley, Leafield, Oxfordshire

ALONE IN A RUNAWAY 'PLANE

There, climbing out of the wreckage, was my brother Fred

TWENTY years ago or thereabouts it was uncommon to see an aeroplane pass over our part of the country.

To the boys and girls of that period they were still something to marvel at, and if one landed near we would always go to see it.

But the aeroplane which gave me my biggest thrill was not one of those we hiked miles to see. It came down a few yards from where my twelve-year-old brother, Fred, and I were standing.

We had gone to take a snack to father, who was minding sheep in some fields near Krickley Barrow, Gloucestershire.

It was a day of deep blue sky and strong sun.

Not long after we entered the fields we heard the drone of an aeroplane.

"Look!" my brother cried, pointing to the sky. "Isn't it low?"

The aeroplane was a small one and, by the way it was circling, the pilot was looking for a place to land. He found one a few minutes later and came down.

Seeing the aeroplane land was the greatest thrill I had had until that time, but I did not dream that in less than an hour I was to get one that I would remember all my life.

We ran to greet the pilot, who was, to my young mind, something like a god. He climbed out of the cockpit smiling.

After asking where he was, he told us that he had some minor engine trouble, which he could fix in a few minutes.

First he wound the propeller, then made engine adjustments. He got my brother to help him, and Fred sat in the cockpit and did what the pilot instructed.

Finally the pilot said he was satisfied everything was all right.

"Well, thanks a lot for helping me out," he added. "And I hope I can help you some time."

With this, he went round to the cockpit and said something to Fred. Then he returned, and began to swing the propeller.

He gave it several twists without results, and it looked as if he would never get the thing started.

"Can I give a hand?" suggested my father, who had joined us.

"I would like you to," the pilot replied, "but I'm afraid that it's too dangerous. It might go off suddenly and cut off your arm."

★ ★ ★

With the next swing he made contact, and the engine went off.

Then, just as he was running to get in the cockpit, the 'plane moved off. To my horror, I realised that my brother was inside.

"Fred! Fred!" I screamed to my father. "He's inside! He's inside!"

Meanwhile, the 'plane had gathered speed and was bouncing and bumping over the grass, scattering the sheep.

Then it began to rise.

"It's going up!" cried my father.

"What shall we do?" I sobbed.

"There is nothing we can do," the pilot answered. "The rest is in the hands of God."

"But what will happen?" my father asked. His face was grey with anxiety.

"He will crash," the pilot told him. "He must crash."

"Then there is no hope," father added.

"No hope," the pilot replied, shaking his head gravely.

Now the machine was circling, and as it did so the pilot's eyes narrowed. He was clearly astonished. "The boy must have been looking at the book of instructions I left in the cockpit," he murmured. Then he shook his head decisively. "No, no," he added slowly, "it would be too much to expect. He couldn't possibly land that ship—he's only a boy."

For a few minutes there was silence. We were all waiting and expecting the same thing—to see the 'plane crash and Fred crushed to death.

Suddenly, we caught our breath. The 'plane wobbled and it seemed inevitable it would go into a spin and plunge to earth.

But, instead, it steadied itself and continued smoothly on its circular course.

The suspense was awful. Why didn't something happen one way or the other? It was only a matter of time before the thing would crash, but it seemed that some power was keeping it up as a means of torturing us.

We saw the 'plane turn and then, to our horror, go into a nose dive. Down it came, landing on its propeller, which was smashed to splinters.

At that moment I screamed a long scream, coming it seemed from the depths of my being.

★ ★ ★

Father and the pilot sprinted for the wreck. I was with them in a few seconds.

When I came up, I blinked like a person seeing a ghost, for three, smiling at me, was my brother Fred.

He was trembling and pale, but he seemed none the worse for his experience.

"I knew I should have a fall," he told us later, "but I was hoping that it wouldn't be as bad as the one I had last year when I fell from our apple tree."

He had done just what the pilot guessed—read some of the instructions in the book and attempted to put them into practice.

The pilot could not praise him highly enough, and carried him on his shoulder all the way into the village, where he telephoned for help.

Events like this, I firmly believe, prove that the age of miracles is not over. Cynical friends to whom I have told this story explain my brother's escape by saying it was pure luck.

I do not agree. There is a guiding influence that controls our fates.

My mother still has a piece of the propeller. She has kept it both as a memento of the event and as a symbol of good luck. It is one of her most priceless treasures.

CONSTIPATION

I like LIXEN - it's so naturally effective and good natured + it's pleasant to take

LIXEN

Obtainable only from chemists. Liquid in bottles 1/-, 1/9, 3/-. Lozenges, blackcurrant flavoured, in tins at 7½d. and 1/-.
ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., LONDON, E.C.2.
L12

NEW SPARKLING DRINK ENDS INDIGESTION

Wind, Heartburn, Pain After Eating, Vanish with this New Treatment.

Whatever else you have tried, here is a new treatment which will definitely bring you immediate relief for Indigestion, Wind, Heartburn, and all sorts of everyday aches and pains. It is very pleasant to take and works in a purely natural way by counteracting excess acidity.

At last Science has succeeded in combining the three ingredients which doctors have used separately for years.

If you have Indigestion, drop an 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablet in half a glass of water and you have a pleasant, sparkling, refreshing drink which will break the Wind, relieve the pain and fullness, and stop Heartburn almost instantly.

Don't confuse 'Alka-Seltzer' with salts or morning medicines. It is not a laxative. It is wonderful for Headaches, Colds, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

1/- & 2/-

VENOS BRAND
LIGHTNING
COUGH CURE
Will
STOP YOUR COUGH
LIKE LIGHTNING!

RACE WITH "SILVER RING"

PETER KANE AND PONTET

NOW that the Lincolnshire acceptors are known, we can get down to the Spring Double in earnest.

For the flat race I am relying on Peter Kane, Pampas Grass and Mythical Ray.

Royal Mail was the JOHN BULL tip for the Grand National last year, and obliged at the nice price of 100—6.

With Royal Mail I am selecting Pontet and Airgead Sios. For a modest 5s. double Peter Kane and Pontet may be best.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, February 17, to Wednesday, February 23.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J

I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below the line as the case may be. Example: IL95ME96L would read BRAEMAR.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. 96XK2BR would read FOSSIL.

Wake up that tired appetite *with*

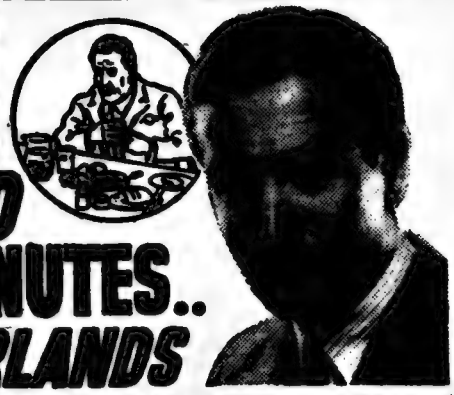
HP SAUCE

Don't let tired appetite undermine your health. Wake up your palate and enjoy your food to the full with rich, tempting H.P. Sauce.

9d. PER BOTTLE
Picnic Size 3d.

FREE SAMPLE OF HERBS
and Special Free Health Book
Don't overlook this offer on page 25. Send at once for free sample offered together with copy of Heath and Heather's book that has proved a boon to hundreds of sufferers. Fill in and post coupon on page 25.

YEARS OF STOMACH PAINS *ENDED* IN A FEW MINUTES.. *thanks to MOORLANDS*



Read this amazing tribute to MOORLAND Indigestion Tablets

"I must write to thank you for the relief that your Moorland Tablets have given me. For as long as I can remember I have suffered with my stomach. The pains became so bad that I had to get advice and my chemist recommended me Moorlands, and within a little while I gained wonderful relief. I have told two of my friends about Moorlands and they, like me, are now never without a box. I hope that all stomach sufferers will take Moorland Tablets and get the same relief that I got."

Yours faithfully,
F.S., Brighton.

Moorland Tablets contain 15 ingredients, all necessary to relieve indigestion at once and gradually remove its cause. These ingredients are essential in everyday diet. Many present-day factory-produced foods are deprived of their natural salts, while the valuable salts of calcium in vegetables are boiled away. Moorland Tablets contain calcium and other essentials to good health. Moorland Tablets bring the system back to good health—appetite returns, over-acidity disappears.

Take two MOORLAND Tablets after meals and eat what you like

MOORLAND BRAND
INDIGESTION TABLETS

At all Chemists:
7½d. in cardboard cartons (50 tablets) 1/3 flat pocket tins (110 tablets)

FREE Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin and Diet Chart to:

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Don't Let Your Cold *DEVELOP*

TAKE *2 Tablets of Phensic*

A sneeze or a shiver today can be a raging cold tomorrow—but NOT if you take two tablets of PHENSIC NOW. They will *check* the cold. 2 more tablets to-night will *cure* it! By morning you'll be completely cold-free. PHENSIC is the surest safeguard against colds and 'flu known to science. Doctors recommend PHENSIC because it is NOT a drug, and cannot harm the heart. Sold everywhere.

3d., 6d., 1/3, 2/- & 5/-

For COLDS, CHILLS, 'FLU, HEADACHE, NEURITIS, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO

TAKE **Phensic**
Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' *Brand*

Quickest and Safest for COLDS and INFLUENZA

H. BROOM
The World's Premier Physical Culture Expert.

£3,300 *in PRIZES*

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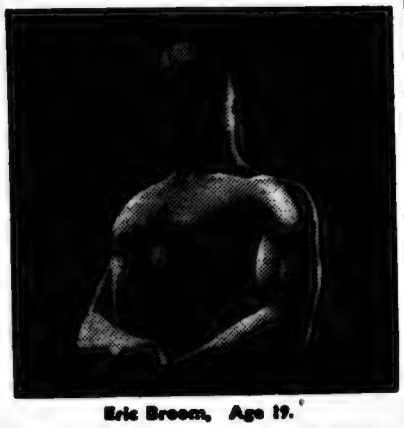

Eric Broom, Age 19.

THE GREATEST PRIZE SCHEME in the HISTORY of PHYSICAL CULTURE

PREMIER AWARD MOTOR CAR

Hundreds of other prizes, including:—
MOTOR CYCLES ... ... RADIOGRAMS
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EVERY PUPIL CERTAIN TO WIN ONE OF THESE VALUABLE PRIZES . . . .

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Mail a Card NOW for my TWO FREE BOOKS

I have published an Instructional Book which clearly shows the surest and quickest way to Health and Strength and how to overcome Worry, Habits, Nerves and Inferiority Complex. It shows how thousands of readers just like you have been turned into outstanding personalities. . . . Their Dreams have come true. The Book is FREE to every reader. You will be staggered at what this Modern Science can do. . . . It is more than a Physical Culture Course.

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What Every Man Should Know.
The real secrets are revealed here for the first time in my book "Vital Power," in plain unvarnished English. . . . .
Nothing is hidden and it shows you the ART OF SUCCESSFUL LIVING. . . . . This Book is also FREE to all who write for my book, "The International Way," without obligation.

Broom's Message to Readers of "John Bull"

My Course comprises six monthly lessons. New apparatus is sent, including a new type of Spring Grip Dumb-bell and new Leg Exerciser, a new Neck Exerciser . . . All-Steel Expander and a Roller Weight Outfit. The Course really does give bulk in development. . . . BIG Bulging Muscles and ROBUST Health and Strength and Stamina to endure and overcome the most exacting ordeal . . . many pupils have added 6 inches to Chest, 3 inches to Biceps, and, in numerous cases, shown an increase of 30 inches all round. Not Balloon or Forced Muscle, but development that will last and which can be applied to any test. . . . It's the Greatest P.C. Course for Results Ever Known! All I want to do is just to send you copies of the results. If you are already using another course you can check Broom's results over with those you are getting. . . . This Course includes everything you require to build bulk in development under a Special Money Back Guarantee. . . .

Mail Coupon Now for these TWO FREE BOOKS!
Post in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope.

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To H. BROOM, BROOM HALL, HOLDERNESS ROAD, HULL.

Please send me without obligation your two FREE BOOKS, the INTERNATIONAL WAY and VITAL POWER, also particulars of HOW I AM CERTAIN TO WIN ONE OF THESE VALUABLE PRIZES.

Name .....

Address .....

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Please write in block letters.
J.B., 19.2.38

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The World's Premier P.C. Expert by Results.
85% of all Pupils have reported satisfied even after the first month's lesson only.

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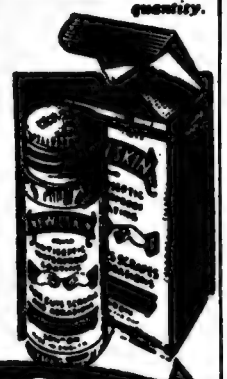
CHILDREN'S HURTS
GRAZED YOUR KNEE DEAR? NEVER MIND, MUMMY WILL PUT SOME 'NEW-SKIN' ON IT
COVER WITH NEW-SKIN
THERE! IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW AND 'NEW-SKIN' WILL KEEP OUT GERMS!

● Cuts, scratches, little everyday accidents — they're always happening. But they soon heal and are safe from infection under a waterproof transparent coating of 'New-Skin'. Keep a bottle handy. Apply it at once

For Chilblains, Cracked Lips, Chapped Hands, Cuts, Burns, Blisters etc. For Corns and Hangnails.

Buy a bottle from your chemist today. The bigger bottle contains twice the quantity.



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NEW-SKIN

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ANTISEPTIC WATERPROOF COATING

Unfit for Work

"Every Picture tells a Story"

when lazy kidneys cause

Backache, Stiff Swollen Joints, Urinary Troubles, Disturbed Rest.

YOUR KIDNEY filters get partially clogged and congested at times. Poisons collect in the blood and cause backache, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, dizzy spells, headaches, disturbed sleep, stiff painful muscles and joints, swollen limbs renal dropsy, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills relieve these painful disorders by cleansing and invigorating the kidneys and bladder. They destroy bacteria in the urine and make you feel healthy and fit for work once more.

Laid up Five Weeks

Mr. F. Hitchon, 26, Heeley Street, New Road, Blackpool, says:—"I was laid up for five weeks with kidney complaint. The pains in the small of my back were agonising. At every movement there was a sharp pain like a stab. The urine contained a sediment and caused a burning pain when seeking relief. No matter what I tried, I could not get permanent ease until I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. I took four boxes altogether and I have kept champion since. (Signed) F. Hitchon.'

Ask your Chemist for

DOANS

Backache Kidney Pills

Parson 'helps' me to dupe a town

(Continued from page 26)

So the personal touch had triumphed again.

Not one of the people whom I victimised in that visit ever got their money back.

Now I am going to turn aside for a moment and tell you of an incident in which I was the victim. I tumbled for a beautiful confidence trick.

At the London hotel where I was living I met a young man who impressed me with his open, good-looking face and frank speech.

When we had known each other some days, he confided that he was from Mexico. He had come to London to raise money for one of the revolutions for which Mexico is supposed to be notorious.

When he disclosed the way in which he hoped to raise money, I became really interested.

Pledging me to secrecy, he said that he had brought from Mexico a collection of pictures, long regarded as his country's chief art treasures, which he had been commissioned to sell for the cause.

If I was a picture-lover he would show me the collection next day. It was lying in a London safe deposit.

Confidence tricksters rarely work alone. My friend had a confederate who duly appeared. He was more "hush-hush"; at pains never to say a word about the pictures when a waiter or any one else was near.

"We expect to raise £20,000 on the pictures," said this man. "We are content to take that because we need the money quickly. Actually, the pictures are worth more than double that figure."

Written valuations of the pictures, bearing the names of firms I recognised as experts, together with various cables from Mexico were shown me. Right into the net I walked. Next day I drove with the two men to the safe deposit and was shown fifteen canvases of various kinds. They looked to me to be valuable—with the sort of old master appearance.

Before we parted I agreed to buy the pictures for £20,000—they had resisted all my efforts to beat the price down.

I said I could not write a cheque for the full amount right away, but would give them an open cheque for £5,500 on account—the transaction to be completed and the pictures handed over against the balance by the end of the month.

With a cleverly acted show of reluctance, this offer of mine was eventually accepted, and the two men went off with my cheque, after accepting an invitation to a dinner with me that evening.

Eight o'clock was the time fixed for the meal. No sign of my guests. Eight-thirty, and they had not shown up. At nine o'clock they were still missing, and so they were at ten o'clock.

By then I had been ringing up the hotel where I believed they were staying, but they were not there.

First thing in the morning I went round to the safe deposit, but the pictures had been taken away by the two "Mexicans" the evening before.

Milked of £5,500—Me! For obvious reasons I dare not go to the police.

Business through the Kensington Trust was continuing splendidly. I switched my trusting clients from one operation to another—paying out mythical dividends, drawing in fresh investments.

Money was there to burn, and I burned it

For £3,500 I bought a motor cruiser,

"Every trip cost me £200"

then a large house, called "Sunkist," on the cliffs near Broadstairs, Kent.

Here I kept four servants; four gardeners, two chauffeurs, and a groom.

Add to these the skipper and crew of the motor yacht—named "Elaine" after my wife—and you will realise I had to meet a pretty stiff weekly wage bill.

While living at Broadstairs I became a yachting enthusiast. Soon I was looking about for a larger yacht.

At last I found what I wanted—a fine craft, 100 ft. long, 17 ft. 6 in. in the beam, steel built with Diesel engines capable of 14 knots.

Her cost, when new, must have been more than £50,000. I got her for £12,000 plus my old cruiser.

Most week-ends I went cruising with a party in my new boat. Each trip cost me about £200.

Once at Cowes I was coming ashore from a launch near the slipway of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and met Sir Chartres Biron, the magistrate who gave me my first prison sentence.

What extraordinary changes in circumstances. The last time I had faced Sir Chartres was from the dock.

He gave me four months in the second division for obtaining £20 by a trick.

Next Week: I am exposed by "John Bull"

Special Pools Service (by "Poolex")

LAST week, I showed you how unreliable the league tables are as an indication of present form. Figures used to compile my Graded Guide, being based on recent form, give a much better picture of present progress.

Form changes of teams in the First and Second Divisions, as indicated by the Graded Guide, were dealt with last week, and here are some notes on recent form in the other divisions.

In the Southern Section of Division III, Watford, Reading and Queen's Park Rangers are playing consistently well. Southend, Bristol City, Bournemouth and Millwall are medium-strong and steady.

Mansfield, Aldershot, Northampton and Walsall do not improve and are erratic away. Bristol Rovers, Clapton Orient and Torquay are weak. Newport show signs of revival, and Gillingham are improving, so don't bank against them.

In Division III (Northern), strong teams are Carlisle, Doncaster, Gateshead, Tranmere and York.

Port Vale have passed through a bad phase, and are improving to the consistent class of Crewe and Southport. Bradford City, Chester and Wrexham have been erratic and are going out of form.

In Scottish football, form is much steadier, and the teams can be grouped according to present strength as follows:

Strong: Celtic, Partick Thistle, Glasgow Rangers, Falkirk and Aberdeen. Celtic, particularly, are in smashing form.

Medium: Arbroath, Hamilton, Hearts, Motherwell and St. Mirren. It may be surprising to find Hearts in this section, but their recent performances show a weakening.

Weak: Clyde, Third Lanark, Queen of the South and St. Johnstone all show signs of being out of form, and Morton's record is poor. Dundee are improving.

These form readings can be very helpful to the discriminating punter when making up his forecasts. Personally, I have found them valuable in indicating away wins.

For example, the match between Crystal Palace and Bournemouth on January 29 was generally regarded as a home win.

The Graded Guide, however, showed 61 points in favour of Bournemouth, who proved to be the winners. Similarly, for the Hamilton-Ayr match, the Guide went against the general opinion by indicating Ayr as the winners.

Graded Guide by "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, February 19, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

73	Hibernians v. Third Lan.	21	Sheff. W. v. Southampton.
72	Lincoln v. Darlington.	20	Edinburgh v. E. Stirling.
69	Aberdeen v. Morton.	19	Albion R. v. East Fife.
66	Arsenal v. Chelsea.	26	Falkirk v. Motherwell.
63	Middlesbro' v. Grimsby.	23	Manchester U. v. Spurs.
61	Luton v. Coventry.	21	Hamilton v. Rangers.
53	Brentford v. Derby.	19	Aldershot v. Exeter.
42	Fulham v. West Ham.	17	Leith A. v. Forfar A.
38	Doncaster v. Accrington.	16	Queen of S. v. Arbroath.
35	Swindon v. Clapton O.	15	York v. Tranmere.
34	Raith R. v. Dumbarton.	14	Barnsley v. Bury.
33	Barrow v. Rotherham.	13	W.B.A. v. Liverpool.
12	Millwall v. Gillingham.		
11	Chesterfield v. Aston V.		
10	Reading v. Watford.		
9	Hull v. Oldham.		
8	Notts County v. Newport.		
6	St. Mirren v. Ayr.		
5	King's P. v. St. Bernards.		
4	Everton v. Wolves.		
3	Partick v. Dundee.		
2	Southport v. Carlisle.		
1	Hartlepools v. Port Vale.		

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

Newcastle v. Notts F.	2	Dunfermline v. Stenhouse.	17	Bolton v. Sunderland.	33
Mansfield v. Q.P.R.	4	Wrexham v. Crewe.	18	Crystal P. v. Bristol C.	34
N'thampton v. Bournem'h.	5	Bradford C. v. Halifax.	19	Blackburn v. Sheffield U.	35
Swansea v. Norwich.	7	Montrose v. Alloa.	20	Birmingham v. Leeds.	43
Walsall v. Cardiff.	10	Plymouth v. Bradford.	23	Torquay v. Southend.	45
Stoke v. Preston.	11	Bristol R. v. Brighton.	29	Brechin C. v. Airdrie.	46
Rochdale v. Chester.	12	Clyde v. Hearts.	30	Dundee U. v. Cowdenbeath.	48
Portsmouth v. Charlton.	14	N. Brighton v. Gateshead.	31	Blackpool v Manchester C.	57
Huddersfield v. Leicester.	15	Queen's P. v. Kilmarnock.	32	St. Johnstone v. Celtic.	78
Stockport v. Burnley.	16				

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Varnene Oil Varnish Stain ensures a high gloss that will not readily chip or scratch, and brings up beauty of figuring in the wood.
Sold by Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Dealers. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish.
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VARNENE
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Your stomach isn't lined with Coconut Matting

Don't ruin YOUR digestion with harsh remedies

If there is one thing you don't need to impress on a stomach sufferer it is this: the stomach is one of the most tender and delicate parts of the human body—never more so than when it has got out of order and is in pain.

It stands to reason, therefore, that when the stomach sufferer sets out to correct his stomach trouble great care must be exercised to use only a remedy that is gentle and sympathetic in its action—one that will be soothing as well as efficient in its healing work.

When the stomach is inflamed

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has won the affection of thousands of stomach sufferers. When the stomach is angry and inflamed with acid, this smooth alkaline powder (mixed in milk or water) calms and corrects the acid condition. It puts a protective coating on the tender stomach lining, rebuilding it gently. Maclean Brand Stomach Powder heals ulcerated places and makes the ulcers disappear with their pain and misery.

If your stomach had the toughness of coconut matting it would not matter what you put inside it. But for such a delicate organ you need a carefully-balanced remedy that has years of successful cures behind it. No remedy for stomach trouble ever enjoyed the popularity of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

Surely the reason is simple. There is no phase of stomach trouble for which it has not been used—simple Indigestion, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Biliousness. In more serious conditions — Gastritis and Duodenal Ulcer—Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has saved many operations. Macleans' files are laden with grateful testimonials from every part of the country. Before you hand over *your* particular case to the mercy of remedies you have never heard of—pause and think. Can you afford the risk? Won't you be safer—happier—surer with the stomach powder that for years has been bringing healing and joy to thousands?

One word of warning

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has a distinguishing sign that you can easily recognise—it is the signature—

Alex. C. Maclean

Look for this on the carton and bottle you buy and you can safely leave the rest to the powder inside.

Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets too

For the convenience of stomach sufferers who prefer tablets, Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets are packed in 9d. tins that slip into the vest pocket or hand-bag. Also in bottles at 1/3, 2/- and 5/-. The great advantage of these tablets is that they alone are made of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. No other tablet contains this wonderful powder.

MACLEAN Brand
Stomach Powder
and tablets

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

Take it!

The Wonder Tablet

—And Stop Limping

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, together with a generous FREE SAMPLE, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation: *the real basis of sound health!* Prepared in small, delicate tablets by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood-stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood.

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force, stimulating the growth of new, healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"*Elasto put new life into me.*"
"*As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever.*"
"*Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*No sign of Varicose Veins now.*"
"*My heart is quite sound again now.*"
"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"
"*Elasto tones up the system and cures depression.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66.*"
"*Cured my sciatica 12 months ago; still quite fit.*"
"*The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of Elasto for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to: ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised so post your Coupon NOW—while you think of it! This offer is too good to be missed.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto* ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please print in capital letters).

ADDRESS.....

"J.B." 19/2/38. .....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

Pains in Back Gone in 3 Hours

If you suffer terrible, sharp pains or dull wearing, down aches in the back or sides, you can't get rid of these troubles with ordinary medicines because you must kill the germs in your kidneys that cause such troubles. Other symptoms of Kidney and Bladder Disorders are Scanty, Frequent and Painful Passages, Getting up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Headaches, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes and Rheumatism. The new scientific discovery—Cystex—ends these troubles by removing the cause—the germs which infest your kidney tubes. Cystex is guaranteed to start benefits in 24 hours and completely stop your troubles and restore vigorous health in 8 days or cost nothing. Ask your chemist for Cystex today. The money-back Guarantee protects you.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

Banished from the Family Circle..

Poor little chap -all brought on by constipation

Doctors say that ninety per cent of our ailments are due to self-poisoning from constipation. That is what is usually the matter with a child who won't eat, gets thin, pale, cross and fretful and has no heart for play. In such cases a few bed-time doses of 'California Syrup of Figs' work miracles.

If you are anxious about your child's health get a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' today, and give a dose tonight. It will sweeten the kiddie's stomach and move the bowels, cleansing the system of all sour, clogging poisons that are making the child ill. Then what a change you'll see! It will do your heart good to see how quickly the little one gains strength and puts on weight right from the start. And you'll have no more trouble from constipation. Kiddies are enraptured with the delicious flavour of this pure fruit laxative.

CALIFORNIA SYRUP of FIGS BRAND

In bottles at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Be sure to get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Recommended by all doctors.

Indigestion

Bicarbonate of Soda as a remedy

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

"Do you recommend Bicarbonate of Soda for indigestion and stomach trouble?" is a question we doctors are quite frequently asked. Generally speaking, the answer is NO. Most digestive disorder is due primarily to excess acid in the stomach. Only by neutralising this acid can you hope to get relief. Now, whilst Bicarbonate of Soda is a strong alkali, it is only a crude chemical and its action is far too violent. Consequently I would not recommend it except as an emergency measure when a properly balanced formula is not available.

My own advice to stomach sufferers is always to rely on a standard antacid—'Bisurated' Magnesia is what I personally recommend. 'Bisurated' Magnesia not only neutralises the burning, ulcerating excess acid, it also contains special ingredients to heal the inflammation of the stomach lining. In this way all stomach pain is stopped within a few minutes, and, more important still, the digestion is *safely* restored to normal, healthy activity.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to by Dr. Scott, is available at all chemists at 6d., 1/3 and 2/6.

after **SMOKING**

VICK BRAND LOZENGES

Soothe tickling throats. Freshen the mouth.

TASTE GOOD—DO GOOD

Dad . . . ***Has no tact*** ***by Maz***

The Editor Laughs Last

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

JULES (Paris).—"I am going to visit London to see the English spring." Out of the way of cars?

H. L. (Hendon).—"The burglar hid in a full brine tub and then found he couldn't get out." He was in a nice pickle.

O. O. (Barnes).—"Things become brighter just after they are at their darkest." Black eyes, for instance.

H. J. (Ibstock).—"My brother was once well-to-do, but has now got into low water." Swimming instructor, eh?

J. B. (Sidcup).—"Do you know what I have to do before I can get any hot water from my geyser?" Yes, light the gas.

K. R. (Sussex).—"If I had my say, at least six of my boys would be represented in the local choir." You have no voice in it.

W. A. G. (Sudbury).—"Can you tell me three things in which starch plays an important part?" A collar and a pair of cuffs.

D. J. (Holbrook).—"I believe that Charles Dickens sometimes worked two weeks on one line." Some people work ten years on one sentence.

B. K. (Yeovil).—"The man said he was blind and asked for a shilling; but I discovered he was blind only in one eye." So you gave him sixpence?

S. E. (Kettering).—"Unless he pulls in his horns very drastically, he is on the way to the gutter." The curb or the kerb, so to speak.

★ HENRY S. (Bridgwater).—"Whenever the room gets too hot I set the electric fan going, but my wife strongly objects." So you get a bit of a breeze anyway.

E. S. (York).—"A new anti-splash device, which costs only a shilling, has been invented by a motorist friend of mine." We must fix one to our breakfast grape-fruit.

J. J. (Wirral).—"They make it very comfortable in the modern jail." Yes; one doesn't have to get up in the middle of the night to make sure that the door is locked.

"It's the chief's idea; he's having the braves taught woodcraft!"
(From *"The Passing Show"*)

D. N. (Barnes).—"Brunettes make good wives." And very often good blondes.

AUTHOR (Newark).—"I once prevented a riot in a theatre." You stopped singing?

BARBER (Aldgate).—"A penny tip annoys me intensely." Nothing makes you angrier?

DRESS DESIGNER (Maida Vale).—"What does the return of the shorter skirt show?" Legs.

A. B. V. (Leek).—"Two of my hens have stopped laying." What's the cause—motor-car?

W. R. (Ryde).—"I know an owner of horses who couldn't run them straight if he tried." A roundabout proprietor?

R. G. (Banbury).—"Now that I have had time to consider his proposal I can see several flaws in it." So the more you think of it the less you think of it.

J. W. P. (Earnley).—"I simply hate sending a cheque in payment of a small account." We don't—it's the big ones we don't like.

SCIENTIST (Luton).—"I am at work on a more perfect finish for motor-cars." So you are not satisfied with the old-fashioned brick wall?

B. V. (Sutton).—"In his will he made it a definite condition that nobody receiving a legacy should be allowed to gamble with it." Leaving nothing to chance.

R. P. (Ripley).—"Don't you think that every factory should keep a supply of bandages ready in case of accidents?" There should be enough to go round.

A. J. M. (Colchester).—"It was through fracturing my ankle that I met my fiancée. She nursed me in hospital." A lucky break.

B. L. (Doncaster).—"Although he must have noticed I was not well, he refused to give me a lift in his car in the thick fog." He couldn't see his way clear.

V. D. (Rugby).—"In a breach of promise case, the judge listened to a gramophone record produced as evidence." Did he hear both sides?

R. B. (Ashford).—"The tragedies of the day are on the front page of the newspaper." Not all of them. Racing results are in the back pages.

MRS. T. K. (Surbiton).—"My husband noticed that one of our pictures was in danger of falling down from the wall." So he took steps to prevent it?

D. A. (Weymouth).—"The wireless set I bought was eagerly greeted by my family, and proved highly satisfactory." It had a good reception?

★ B. Y. (Harringay).—"When I explained why I was unable to accept the goods I ordered, he apologised for the words he had used and agreed to give instructions for their return." He took everything back.

A. D. (Bramley).—"I was playing the hind legs of a donkey in a pantomime, when a terrific explosion behind the scenes almost startled me out of my wits." You nearly jumped out of your skin.

F. L. (Diss).—"It would be a wise plan if every man sent his wife away for a fortnight's holiday before she tackled the annual spring-cleaning." A safer plan, of course, would be to send her away for a year.

Freddy (Bromley).—"Step-dancing is a splendid cure for insomnia." But what if you live in "the flat below"?

SEER (Atherstone).—"Does the bottom of your teacup tell you anything?" Yes, that we have drunk our tea.

P. M. (Leicester).—"I tried to run the firm's canteen on Army lines." And succeeded in making a mess of it?

MISS T. (Durham).—"My little dog loves to battle with a marrow bone." And he always licks it hollow, of course!

★ D. L. (Barnet).—"At one night-club I know whisky is sold at an exorbitant price in mugs." And to them.

MRS. S. L. (Slough).—"My husband is still complaining about the wooden lock on our side door, which he declares is unsafe." He's trying to pick holes in it?

FOOTBALL FAN (Liverpool).—"Every player on the winning side deserves a bit extra." Agreed. Not eleven but twenty "Bulleteers" will earn £6 for appearing in this week's winning team—and there's a £500 bonus for the First Prize goal. See page 39.

MRS. M. A. (Wells).—"His habit of spending twelve hours in bed is attributed to the fact that he weighs twenty stone, which overtaxes his strength." A heavy sleeper, eh?

MRS. F. (Hitchin).—"He had such a pleasant voice that I was quite satisfied just to listen to him, although he seemed to go on for hours." And did you buy the vacuum-cleaner in the end?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

DUNDEE EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"... a message stating that owing to a BOILED leak she could only steam one and a half knots ..."

CREWE CHRONICLE:—"... but UNFORTUNATELY, except for one or two minor mishaps, there have been no accidents ..."

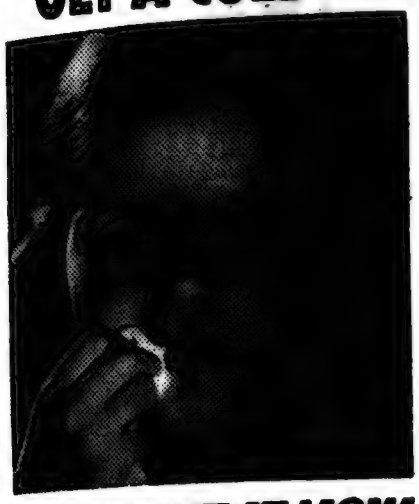
JERSEY EVENING POST:—"A man entered a sub-Post Office ... jumped over the COUNTER and grabbed £100 in notes."

SELBY EXPRESS:—"... and secure wrapping of parcels so as to avoid undue CONVENIENCE and delay."

NEW MILTON ADVERTISER:—"... in the whole couptry in this INCAPACITY, in which he did special service."

THE MID-SUSSEX TIMES:—"... consists of always thoroughly drying the hands and never washing them in very hot WEATHER on cold days."

DON'T WAIT FOR YOUR CHILD TO GET A COLD—



PREVENT IT NOW

MEDICAL AUTHORITY'S GREAT DISCOVERY

IT'S foolish to wait for the first sneeze, cough or sniffle before you start to do anything to save your child from colds.

That's too late. These symptoms mean that the cold germs are already at their cruel work—spoiling your child's appetite, eating away her vitality, weakening her powers of resistance to infection, and giving her whole system a set-back from which it may take her months to recover.

There's no need for you to expose your child to this danger. You can protect your child from colds all the winter—simply by giving her Scotts Brand Emulsion. Read what a famous Medical Research Body has discovered.

"Immediately after your child has taken a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion," writes this Research Body, "every drop goes to build up resistance to infection, particularly in the chest and lungs."

Besides being protected against coughs and colds, children who are given Scotts Brand Emulsion regularly become much stronger and healthier in all other ways. Their appetites improve, they put on weight nearly twice as quickly, their arms and legs become strong and chubby, and they have a wonderful natural resistance, not only to colds, but to all other kinds of winter illness as well.

Start giving your child Scotts Brand Emulsion regularly from today.

Did you say Shag?

Well, talking about Shag, although you enjoy a good Shag Tobacco, you've most probably not realised full pleasure from your pipe, if you haven't tried Player's Digger Shag. Digger is made of the choicest Empire leaf by Player's, and it lives up to their reputation. Actually Digger has a larger sale than any other Empire Tobacco . . . . . and so many smokers can't be wrong.

PLAYER'S DIGGER SHAG 8

Also FLAKE • PLUG • MIXTURE • HONEYDEW

P.D.S.2A

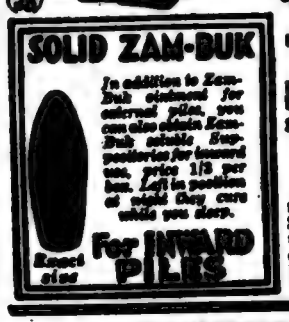
Why Suffer from PILES?

Famous Ointment Relieves & Removes Them

Are you a victim of piles (hæmorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hæmorrhage? If so, try Zam-Buk. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape.

Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use according to printed directions.


SOLID ZAM-BUK
In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for internal use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.
Exact size
For INTERNAL PILES

READ THIS CONVINCING TESTIMONY

"For years I had piles and used to be laid up with them. Zam-Buk Suppositories wonderfully relieved the pain and other symptoms. I can do housework in comfort and be on my feet eight hours a day."—Mrs. M. S., London.

"The pain and hæmorrhage of piles caused constant misery. I began to look like an old man and was low-spirited. Regular use of Zam-Buk caused the piles to disappear and ended my years of suffering."—Mr. A. F., Liverpool.

To relieve Asthma

Keep a tin of Hinksman's Asthma Reliever handy for it is sure and speedy in its effects and perfectly safe to use. It soothes, and immediately promotes healthy breathing and removes all tightness around the chest.

Sold by all chemists as Powder, Cigarettes or Smoking Mixture. Insist upon Hinksman's.

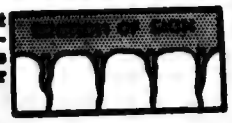
1/6 PER TIN

Write for free sample to Hinksman & Forrest, Ltd., Carluke, Scotland.

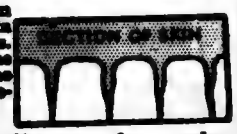
HINKSMAN'S Asthma RELIEVER

Dissolve away SUPERFLUOUS HAIR...

... at the ROOTS



The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse hair ends which grow back thicker and faster.



This new white cream dissolves the keratin in the hair and its roots. Removes hair *below* the skin surface. Leaves no stubble—no coarse regrowth.

An amazing new discovery by a celebrated chemist. The hair simply falls away! No odour; no mess or bother. Simply spread the cream on the skin—wash off with water—every trace of hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth, as if that ugly growth had never existed. The razor method is old-fashioned and dangerous. Nasty smelling pastes and powders completely out of date. The up-to-date *scientific* way is to use a white cream sold under the trade mark new 'VEET' (new and improved formula). Get a tube to-day and end your superfluous hair troubles for ever. New 'Veet' 6d. and 1/3.

Not All Fairheads are Pretty—but They All Have Glamour

If you are fair or blonde and wish to stay fair, you must try at least once, every fair hair shampoo (soap or soap substitute) that promises you beautiful hair. Then you must use Sta-blond. You will see for yourself why millions of blondes and fair-heads have for seventeen years preferred Sta-blond—the world's first and original blond and fair-hair shampoo!

Sta-blond not only makes fair hair gleamy, soft and silky (any good shampoo does that) but it does what no other shampoo can even claim to do. *It brings back the true golden beauty of childhood to darkened fair hair, and prevents light hair from darkening*—safely, without injurious bleaching or dyeing.

Furthermore, Vitex, part of the secret contents of Sta-blond, prevents and stops brittleness and dandruff and rejuvenates the roots. Your "perm" takes better. Try Sta-blond yourself, or insist that your hairdresser uses it today. You will be amazed at the wonderful results.

STAY FAIR WITH STA-BLOND

CROSSWORD No. 97—TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

PRESENTED on pages 26 and 27 is the ninety-seventh of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. R. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, March 10, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on page 27. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the money sum of £3,000 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

£5 WEEKLY FOR LIFE plus

ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN

Now or Never for this Monster Offer!

TO be independent for the rest of your life as the result of an hour's careful work *during the next few days*—that, and no less, is the golden opportunity brought within your reach to-day!

Beat all your rivals in JOHN BULL'S Record One-week Pension-plus-Fortune Crossword Offer and, besides securing an immediate fortune of £500, you will receive a magnificent Pension of £5 Weekly for Life!

This sensational Offer is open for ONE SINGLE WEEK ONLY. No further Squares will be provided, so begin now on the interesting puzzle below and SEE THAT YOUR ENTRY IS IN BY SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 97. Closing SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1938.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 97. Closing SATURDAY, FEB. 26, 1938.

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ACROSS CLUES

1. Motorist often takes these at high speed
3. Beauty of this is lost on some people
7. Metal in forest
8. Festivity
9. Labourers occasionally have bad one to cope with
12. Employs
15. Little one would be needed to fit small case
17. Fellow of Royal Society, abbreviated
18. Escape of prisoners is sometimes traceable to this
20. Brick is often tied to
21. When people do this carelessly they often give wrong number
22. Allows
24. Consume
27. Not so much
28. Demonstrate to be true
29. It's sometimes good plan for kiddies to have lots of this
30. Often thin at one end

DOWN CLUES

1. Plant requires long one in some cases
2. People get a lot of fun out of
4. Sometimes gives tailor his customer's measure
5. Starts illness
6. It's usually difficult to get one in train
10. In middle of queues
11. Woolly one is often very irritating
13. Gardener sometimes buys to put in garden
14. Often changes colour when grilled
16. 1,760 yards
17. Doctor occasionally recommends for patient
18. Scotland Yard sometimes finds these useful in the work of tracing criminals
19. It's annoying to lose this, when reading good book
23. Is run round a cut in many cases
25. Afternoon meal
26. Bark from an old one can in some cases be recognised as such

Enter on Squares on Left—Further Squares on opposite Page, including a FREE ENTRY COUPON

KEEP YOUR COPIES ON SQUARES BELOW

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE.

For this special Contest only, you may enter as many coupons as you wish, and may enclose all in same envelope. For extra squares send penny postcard to "John Bull's" "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of coupons (each with two squares) required.

Don't Miss Next Week's Great RADIO OFFER!

£500 Cash

OR GIANT LUMP SUM OF £2,000

£200 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

£100 ADDITIONAL

BETWEEN ALL CASH WINNERS FROM WHOM "JOHN BULL" RECEIVES FOUR OR MORE COUPONS (8 Squares, including 2 free) in same envelope and bearing same name and address.

NO FURTHER ENTRY-FORMS WILL APPEAR IN THESE PAGES

ENTER ON THESE SQUARES

FOR RECORD X-WORD BIRTHDAY OFFER

CLOSING SATURDAY FEB. 26

KEEP YOUR COPIES ON SQUARES BELOW

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. For three coupons (six squares) send ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE and become entitled to enter two additional Gift Squares provided. If making additional entries, one allowed free with each three paid. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. / ; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) to reach us not later than **Saturday, February 26.**

2.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, March 10. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, March 15, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £2,000 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 35

5 Big Cheques Won in Crossword No. 94.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 94, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square (see right) were the following five competitors:—

MRS. ASHWORTH, 10, Smallman Road, Crewe.
C. P. BOWERS, Upwell, Wisbech.
MRS. M. GRYLLS, Dane House, Farnden Road, Newark.
S. ODDEN, 22, Delamere Road, Ainsdale, Southport.
S. A. PENDLEBURY, 29, Bearden Street, Little Lever, Bolton.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £750, and a Cheque for £150 will be sent to each.

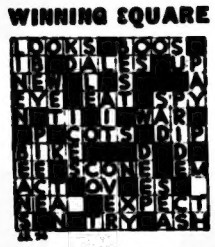
Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, February 22, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 52 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £1 18s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 447 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

LAST WEEK'S OUTRIGHT WINNER TELLS STORY OF HIS BIG SUCCESS ON PAGE 38.

WINNING SQUARE



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

Spaces are left blank to indicate that at these points NEAR or NEAT, and MOTH or MYTH were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette."

Secure your Free weekly copy by enclosing with your Entry the "Gazette" Coupon below.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 97—CLOSING SATURDAY, Feb. 26, 1938

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 6 squares 1s. 6d.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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CUT ALONG THESE BROKEN LINES

Send this Coupon FOR FREE X-WORD AID

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Crossword Gazette."

I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

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Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Enclose with entry or post direct to "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 36, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

FREE ENTRY COUPON

Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 97, and if used as directed with 3 paid-entry or prize coupons.

FREE COUPON for use as directed

I enclose THREE paid-entry or prize coupons for Crossword No. 97, and claim this FREE ENTRY accordingly. I agree to all rules and conditions.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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FREE COUPON

The two Entry-squares on the coupon above are Free, provided it is enclosed in the same envelope with three paid (or prize) coupons from same entrant.

AVAILABLE ONLY UNTIL SAT., FEB. 26

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 97, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

USE KOLYNOS, the tooth paste that will make you proud of your teeth. KOLYNOS cleans quickly and effectively because of its proved antiseptic and cleansing properties. Use only half-an-inch, preferably on a DRY brush.

1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores.

—HE SAYS KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Quick Relief from RHEUMATIC TWINGES

The fiery, piercing pain of Rheumatism is no respecter of times or seasons. It cripples you at unexpected, awkward moments. The hideous agony when you try to bend, stoop or lift a limb makes the finest day a mockery.

Some Rheumatic sufferers go on like this year after year. Maybe they think there's no real relief. Perhaps they've tried so-called "remedies," and have vowed "never again!"

Fynnon Salt has stepped into first place because of its own remarkable records of relief from Rheumatic pain.

Fynnon Salt is known widely as "Spa treatment at home." Why? Because it contains "Nature's Salts of the Earth" which wealthy sufferers seek at famous Spas. The elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium combined in Fynnon Salt are Rheumatism's deadliest enemies. Uric Acid cannot stay in your system when Fynnon Salt courses healthfully through your body. The painful pointed Uric Acid crystals break up, dissolve, flow for ever away taking with them all the poisons that have caused them.

Only a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a glassful of water daily—what a trifling effort for such unutterable relief from Rheumatism!

Don't wait, try Fynnon Salt *to-day*.

1/3 at all chemists.

TOP MILL SNUFF

IN TWOPENNY TINS FROM TOBACCONISTS.

S. & H. WILSON LTD.

Painful PILES

Eased in 5 minutes

Within five minutes of the first application of 'Nemolin' Ointment you will have relief from irritation and burning pain. In two or three days congestion and inflammation subside and the piles are much diminished, whilst a complete cure is assured to those who persevere with this simple, cleanly treatment. 'Nemolin' Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemists.

Arguing led to Pension

ARGUMENTS with his friend helped Mr. D. Thomas, of Crockerton Road, London, S.W., to win £1 a week for life and £300 in JOHN BULL Crossword No. 93.

On his way to work at Springfield Hospital the other day, Mr. Thomas, who is just fifty, posted two envelopes to JOHN BULL. They contained entries for *Bullets* and Crossword contests.

Mr. Thomas

Before making his final decisions he had argued out both the *Bullets* and Crossword clues with Mr. L. H. Beale, who also works in the hospital. He was about to go for lunch when a "Greetings" telegram from Long Acre reached him saying: "You have won 20s. Weekly for Life and £300 in Crossword No. 93. Congratulations!"

"I have been a JOHN BULL reader since pre-war days," Mr. Thomas told a JOHN BULL representative. "For years I have been a *Bullets* enthusiast, and I have not missed a single contest in the present series of Crosswords."

Care and common-sense are all you need to add your name to the list of thirty-four Crossword winners who are drawing Life Pensions from JOHN BULL.

Turn to pages 36 and 37 and enter before that Record One-week Offer closes on Saturday, February 26. A prize of £5 Weekly for Life and £500 can be yours.

The Intruder (Continued from page 22)

are——. Here, wotcher got there, Ma?" he demanded, staring at Lettice's hand.

"A pistol," she explained. "And I can shoot it, too. You put your hands up, young feller. Sharp!"

The man set his beer mug upon the table, and, tottering to his feet, raised aloft a pair of dirty paws.

"You come to a respectable place——" accused Lettice.

"The other lady let me in, Miss Moon, the *young* lady," whined the burglar. He looked like a whiskered gorilla, and was very stout.

Lettice firmly shook her head.

"Wrong again. She ain't been here. However, it's only one lie more to tell the police."

"She did. She *has*. She said, 'Well, my man, I admit I howe the money—that I *can't* deny,' she said. 'But I must go out to my theatre where I'm starring, and borrow a fiver till pay-day,' she said.

"She said, 'I admit I howe the money,' she said."

"She ain't been here," cried Lettice, stoutly. "And she don't owe any money."

The burglar turned like a hunted man.

"I say she does," he grumbled. "And has. It's my word against yourn. And I got me paper to prove it.

"Only you won't let me use me hands. She's a very nice young lady, is Miss Moon. She's a peach. Her and me get on a treat," he chuckled.

But although he laughed, he kept looking at the revolver.

She knew he might be planning to attack her, wrest the weapon away, and make his escape. But Lettice smiled secretly at the burglar's mistake.

He supposed her a weak old woman; whereas she was fairly strong and knew a little about ju-jitsu. What did he mean by talking of a paper?

"Yerse, her and me got on special," said the man. "She said, 'Here's a couple o' bottles o' beer; make yourself comfy, my man,' she says; 'and I'll be back at har parce eleven with the oof-tish,' she says. I got me paper to prove it."

"Show me that paper," instructed Lettice grimly. "Yes, I'll let you put your hands down."

The man, although he still looked frightened, was cool enough to take a swig from the mug as he lowered his hands; and while the near-by church clock struck midnight he produced an official-looking paper from his pocket.

"Here you are, Ma," said he, and threw it down, folded, upon the table.

Lettice stepped forward, reached with her left hand for the folded paper, felt her wrist fiercely seized, knew that the grip was one she could never shake off, and swung the dummy pistol against the burglar's head.

As they struggled violently, Lettice sought in vain to get the hold which would disable him; and, both panting, they stared into each other's eyes.

They started and glared, both full of fury and desperation. Then:

"Harry Mackintosh!" screamed Lettice. She had seen her lover's unmistakable glance. His wig had shifted under her blow, and by the ear she had caught a glimpse of his own hair.

"Good heavens!" He, [illegible]ly astounded, abandoned his gr[illegible] Lettice, darling!" Incredulously [illegible] scanned wigs, complexions, clothes. Then, quarrels and troubles forgotten, they were in each other's arms.

How could they ever have quarrelled? How could they ever have been so blind as to be deceived by these disguises?

Presently, Harry said:

"I never dreamed it was you. Never! By Jove, what a make-up! What an actress! I thought you were crazy!"

"But how did you get here?" gasped Lettice, too shaken to confess that she, too, had been completely bamboozled.

"My voice went. I was ready to go on—exactly as I am, in these very clothes—when the doctor said 'No.'

"Choles took over. He was jubilant at the chance. And then I knew you were going to the Albert Hall. And we'd . . . well, you know, we'd had a bit of a row——"

"We had," agreed Lettice, with spirit. "Quite a bit."

He shook her.

"Anyway, I thought I'd risk a dash. I caught the London express. Got here just after you'd left, and found Mrs. Prince. And as they're fitting you a new telephone I thought I'd give you a nice surprise——"

"Nice surprise!" cried Lettice indignantly. "Turning my bedroom upside down."

"I was looking for some gum. An eyebrow came unstuck."

"You frightened me out of my wits."

Harry grinned. He said:

"You had your revenge, darling. I was terrified of your pistol. I thought it might go off."

"What's that paper?" asked Lettice.

"Oh, that?" Harry looked embarrassed. He drew towards him the paper for which they had struggled.

"Er, the truth is, it's a special licence. I . . . I've carried it about with me for a week or two."

"For whom?" demanded Lettice.

"I—er rather thought . . . us," said Harry in the humblest possible tone. "I mean, after our row, I thought . . . well, supposing I lost you——"

He could not see how deeply Lettice had flushed under her sallow make-up.

"You're a wicked old man," she said. She had the grace to add: "And I'm a wicked old woman. Well, I'll see. Meanwhile, let's join the Revel, shall we? We'll go as Darby and Joan."

Next week: An exciting short story by Helen Simpson, the famous novelist.

She has written it specially for "John Bull." You will enjoy every line of it.

Your Library

SOON thousands of JOHN BULL readers will be completing their qualification for Volume 1 of JOHN BULL's world-record Free Gift of the magnificent £4 4s. 12-Volume "Practical Home Library."

The first book—"How Much Do You Know?"—will shortly be off the press—320 pages, containing 115,000 words and 300 illustrations, packed with fascinating facts which everyone should know.

Volumes will be sent to readers strictly in the order in which completed vouchers are received.

Complete your Voucher for Volume No. 1 and send it in as soon as possible.

Doctor's Cure for Children's Coughs

Every mother knows how worrying kiddies' coughs are—apart from the distress caused by the cough itself, there is always the possibility of complications . . . heart-strain, congestion, pneumonia, etc.

But there's no need to worry as long as you treat the cough properly. All you do is take the advice of Dr. F—, Physician to a large London Clinic. He writes:—

"I feel I must write again regarding the continued good results I am obtaining from the use of 'Pineate' Honey Cough-Syrup. Hardly a day goes by without my recommending it for some child."

You see, 'Pineate' (brand) Honey Cough-Syrup is the *triple-action* cough remedy. Its pure, harmless ingredients kill the germs, loosen the phlegm, and soothe and heal the inflammation. And the honey makes it just delicious to take. You can't do better than follow a doctor's advice, can you, so why not get a 1/6 bottle of 'Pineate' from your chemist to-day? One dose never fails to stop a cough—you can literally feel it doing you good!

TO AVOID FLATULENCE AND PAIN AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them to-day! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Of all chemists.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

How She LOST WEIGHT And Regained Health

If you are TOO BIG, putting on weight, or "not so slim as you were," here is a letter you must read. This happy lady has lost her weight and at the same time FOUND NEW HEALTH! The years have slipped from her shoulders until she feels 10 years younger!! If YOU wish to enjoy her experience, read her letter!

Dear Sirs,

I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12st. to 6st. 7lb.

I feel absolutely fit and well always, and ten years younger. My age is 36 and everybody tells me I do not look it, thanks to Silf for making me slim again. I can thoroughly recommend it and do so wherever I can. I forgot to tell you my measurements were:—Bust 42 ins., Hips 42 ins., and Waist 34 ins. Now my measurements are:—Bust 34 ins., Hips 36 ins., and Waist 25 ins., so you can see for yourself the marvellous difference. With everlasting thanks. Yours sincerely (Sgd.) V. P.

HEALTH IMPROVES AS WEIGHT GOES

Whether your excessive weight is Many Stones . . . or just the first few extra pounds . . whether you have been burdened for years or only just commenced to "put on weight" . . . the action of "SILF" Brand Obesity Tablets is just as wonderful. It is the wise, the healthful, the SAFE way to slimness. Commence to take it to-day. You can do so with complete confidence.

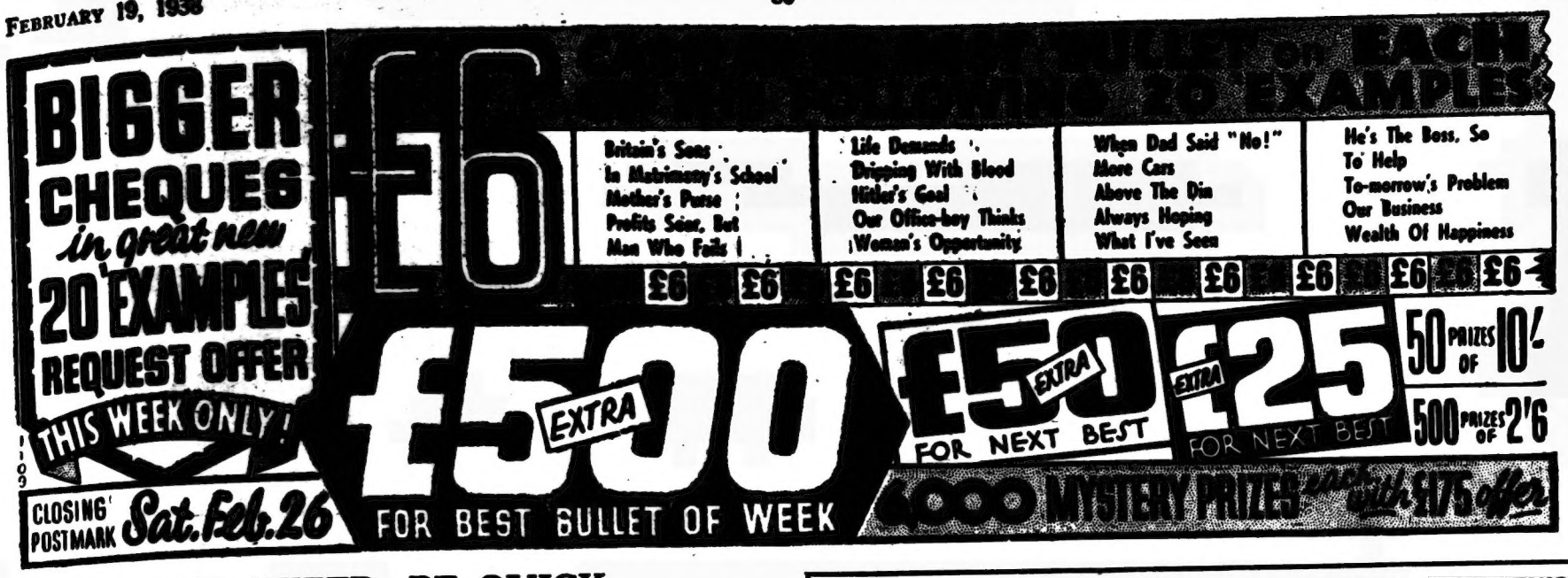
1/3, 3/- and 5/- Per Box

Silf BRAND

You Save By Purchasing the Larger Sizes.

From all Chemists or post free by sending the price to THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 46A.) 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.



INCREASED OFFER—BE QUICK FOR THESE 6,570 PRIZES!

HERE on this page, *yours for one week only*, is an opportunity to win £500 for a few simple words, plus a pocketful of extra cash with which to celebrate your success!

In response to scores of requests, this week's *Bullets* Offer is another so planned that each of the 20 *Examples* will produce a *Bullet* in the winning list. But this time an increased cheque for £6 is waiting for the sender of the best *Bullet* made with each of the 20 *Examples* and additional cash bonuses of £500, £50 and £25 will reward the senders of the three best *Bullets* of the week.

A busy dressmaker with an unemployed husband and four children to care for was the £500 (plus £5) winner in the last special 20-*Example* Offer. She had not entered for the past three years, but tackled the *Examples* carefully, and the result was her neat First Prize *Bullet*, ON THE WORLD'S SCREEN—"GOOD EARTH"—"THIN MAN."

"This great news changed my whole outlook on life," said this winner, Mrs. J. Sutherland, 46, Davie Park Road, Blairgowrie.

Just think what a difference making up this week's £500 (plus £6) *Bullet* would make to you and yours—then make a start as soon as you have read these simple instructions.

Write down a few *Examples* and add to each one all the ideas it suggests.

Your next step is to compress and improve your rough notes into neat *Bullets* consisting of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

Suppose, for instance, that to the *Example*, WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY, you had added the rough note, *Excelling At Motherhood, Not Competing With Man*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY—PROVING "EQUAL TO"—*Motherhood*.

To help you further, study the winning *Bullets* in our 1,105th Contest. Then make a start without delay, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, February 26.

"BULLETS" 1,105 RESULT

First Prize £400 Cash:

G. STEPHENSON, "Glenmore," Manor Road, Beverley, Yorks.

Example: AT SEA
Bullet: IN *Own* "MINE-FIELD," HUMANITY!
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE £50:

Mrs. K. LAMBERT, 3, Park Avenue, Keighley.
Example: Like Fido
Bullet: Show Cheerfulness "In Extremity"!

THIRD PRIZE £25:

A. L. GRIFFITHS, 6, Walney Terrace, Glasgow.
Example: Bowing To The Storm
Bullet: Aerials, But Not Programmes.

OTHER PRIZES:

£15: Mrs. A. TAVENDER, The Lodge, Penderyn.
Tragedy In China—Desperadoes "Lynching" A Nation.

£10: H. LEVENSON, 204, Mount Pleasant, Liverpool.
Bowing To The Storm—Be Blowed—Be Bold!

FIVE OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. HEAD, Knights Place Lodge, Pembury, Kent.
Up Went The Lights And—Beacons—Yet "Toll" Up.

C. B. MURRAY, 102, Manley Road, Manchester.
Now I'm Engaged—"Chirpy"—Next Objective "Tree-top."

J. RICHARDSON, 3, Clark Terrace, Stanley, Co. Durham.
Tragedy In China—Stark—*Sharing*, Mad.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

H. F. ROOT, 69, Collingwood Avenue, Muswell Hill.
Now I'm Engaged—I'm "Showman"—And "Exhibit"!

A. W. WATLING, 35, Chapel Road, Bexley-heath, Kent.
Opportunity's 'Bus — Unsafe, "Swerving Around" Conscience.

TEN OF £2 10s. EACH:

T. W. BROWN, 10, North Avenue, Horden, Co. Durham.
Age Of Education—Her Five Minute "Lecture."

V. DAVIES, 16, Elm Grove, Crouch End.
Stopping On It—*Prevented* My "Coin Disappearing."

Miss L. DICKINSON, 83, Hempland Lane, York.
Because We're Poor — As Mice, "Played With."

Miss R. GRAINGER, 144, Wilmer Road, Heaton, Bradford.
Hard Bed—"Teasing" Makes *Harder*, Auntie's.

Mrs. A. JARRED, 7, Blossom Ways, Heston, Middlesex.
Full Of Life—Foreman—What A Life!

T. LAVER, 12, Costead Manor Road, Brentwood.
Now I'm Engaged—She *Grips* My Arm!

A. E. NEWMAN, 8, Harold Road, Chingford.
Geneva's Strength—Winning Day? Waning Daily!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. NOBLE, 124, Brenda Road, West Hartlepool.
Opportunity's 'Bus — Overcrowded? Take Double *Dekko!*

W. OGG, 46, Craigiehall Street, Glasgow.
Hard Bed—Forgotten—"Sonny's Restless To-night!"

A. PERCY, 89, Walton Road, Woking.
The Fleet—May Only Neptune "Bombard"!

Each of the above winners also has the choice of a £9 9s. All-wave Radio or Typewriter.
A list of 50 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

(Competition No. 1,109)

BRITAIN'S SONS
IN MATRIMONY'S SCHOOL
MOTHER'S PURSE
PROFITS SOAR, BUT
MAN WHO FAILS
LIFE DEMANDS
DRIPPING WITH BLOOD
HITLER'S GOAL
OUR OFFICE-BOY THINKS
WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY
WHEN DAD SAID "NO!"
MORE CARS
ABOVE THE DIN
ALWAYS HOPING
WHAT I'VE SEEN
HE'S THE BOSS, SO
TO HELP
TO-MORROW'S PROBLEM
OUR BUSINESS
WEALTH OF HAPPINESS

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The sum of £6 will be awarded to the most meritorious Bullet on each of the 20 Examples provided. To the prize for the best of these 20 Bullets a £500 First Prize Bonus will be added—to the next best, a £50 Second Prize Bonus—to the next best, a £25 Third Prize Bonus, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible to compete.

★ SPECIAL INVITATION TO NEW READERS

SEND THIS COUPON

May we send you a complimentary copy of JOHN BULL'S weekly *Bullets Bulletin*, the best possible aid to success? Post this coupon in halfpenny stamped envelope to *Bulletin* Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2 (OR ENCLOSE WITH "BULLETS" ENTRY).

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

NAME.....

FULL ADDRESS.....

.....

You must affix ½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,109) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,109) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,109) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,109) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 26.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £506 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,104 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. J. and G. Geddes, Perth Street, Blairgowrie, Perthshire.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,100 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,109, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Why Diet To SLIM

WHY deprive yourself of your favourite foods? Why go hungry for fear of putting on weight?—when you can be slim without the slightest trouble just by taking a couple of Bile Beans nightly.

It is not enough to say "I am getting too fat." Do something about it *now*; start to-night with Bile Beans—the safe, healthy way of slimming.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood, and completely eliminate fat-forming residue daily.

Thus Bile Beans gradually melt away those uncomfortable rolls of fat and make you healthy, happy and slim.

"As I continue to take the nightly Bile Beans my figure is improving all the time. What I like about Bile Beans is that one gradually gets rid of the surplus fat without having to diet or do without the foods that one likes."—Mrs. C. B., Bradford.

• • •

"I was worried about putting on weight until I began taking two Bile Beans each night. These fine pills gradually removed all surplus fat from the waist and hips, and I'm now a stone lighter than I was. Bile Beans suit me perfectly; they make me feel healthy and full of life."—Mrs. R. M., London, N.W.5.

• • •

"Since Bile Beans removed my surplus fat, neighbours often ask me to tell them how I manage to keep slim. Bile Beans have so improved my figure that I can get almost any dress to fit instead of having to wear outsizes. There's also a great improvement in my general health."—Mrs. J. P., Wrexham.

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! Be sure you ask for and receive "BILE BEANS."

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300 | B111 | A272